



FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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IN A DILEMMA.

DAME MASSACHUSETTS — "Drat the rogue! he's scaled the wall and stolen my apples, but he'll find it hard to get away with 'em, and—— they're sour, anyhow."

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
NEW YORK, OCTOBER 5, 1878.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

We give in a Supplement to our present issue the opening chapters of Mr. R. J. DE CORDOVA's story, "THAT DOG NEXT DOOR," together with a portrait of the author. Our readers will find a keen enjoyment in the perusal of this humorous sketch by a favorite contributor.

THE LESSONS OF CALAMITY.

IT has often occurred to us that a thrilling chapter in psychology and morals might be compiled from the observed effects produced on society by those great plagues which periodically afflict the world, wherever, as the Holy Book phrases it, "the pestilence walketh in darkness and destruction wasteth at noonday." And we are not without sufficient materials for the compilation of such a chapter in the sketches left us by three great literary artists, who have described the three most famous plagues of history—Thucydides, in his picture of the plague in Athens; Boccaccio, in his picture of the plague in Florence; and Defoe, in his picture of the plague which desolated London in the year 1665. It is found that when the spectre of death sits at every fireside, and when the bands of social order are snapped by its skeleton touch, the King of Terrors, instead of awing the living into silence, is often seen to fling a door wide open for the entrance of every epicurean appetite, armed, at such times, with even more than cynical insolence in its quest of sensual indulgence. The fact affords a fearful commentary on the latent tendencies to evil which may lurk in the bosom of depraved humanity, and which require naught but the removal of outside social forces for their development into acts which make a pandemonium on the earth.

Happily, there is another side to the picture, and it is simply in order to heighten its light that we bring this dark background into preliminary relief. We refer to the moral heroism which prompts a few noble souls, instinct with the spirit of martyrdom, to offer themselves as a living sacrifice to the welfare or relief of their fellows; and we refer, besides, to that pure and unselfish benevolence, which, at the call of human calamity, however remote from our doors the call may be, is heard to answer with words of sympathy and acts of kindness from all parts of the land.

It is to this latter aspect of the moral lessons taught by the noisome pestilence which is now afflicting a portion of the South that we wish more especially to advert. It is not in any spirit of pride or vainglory that we cite the large and liberal benefactions which have been poured by the people of the North, of the East and of the West, into the laps of the Southern communities which have been stricken by the yellow fever scourge. In so doing, we should do despite to the purity of the benevolence in which we exult, and thereby dim the glory of the "fine gold" with which we would fain encase the strong and massive lines of our national character.

But we cannot forbear to remark the omens for good visible in this free and noble expression of fraternal sympathy between the people of the two great sections which lately were embroiled in an internecine struggle. When the ferocity engendered by actual war has been exchanged for works of mercy on the one side and words of thanksgiving on the other, is it not time to bid a truce to the ferocity of our political warfare? If there still be those at the North who would flaunt the "bloody shirt" in the face of their countrymen, is it not time that the "Angel of Mercy," hovering over Grenada and Vicksburg, over Memphis and New Orleans, should cast the shadow of her wings across the hustings from which mad party leaders would sound the notes of partisan strife? If there be those at the South who would still nurse their wrath in pious memory of "the lost cause," and who, to use the words of the eloquent Choate, "would keep the keen, deep and precious hatred set on fire of hell," is it not time that they should mitigate their malice and uncharitableness while the charity of the North, East and West is dropping like the dew of heaven upon so many hearts and homes in the afflicted section of our land? It is the profound saying of our great

English dramatist, who has portrayed all passions, all phases and all situations of human life, that

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distill it out."

Terrible indeed is the "evil" which has come to blight the plague-smitten cities of the South. Its baleful shadow spreads far and wide. And yet, if we will but scan it with the observation due to such a portent, we shall be able to distill from it "some soul of goodness" in more relations than one. In the first place, it is a cause of thanksgiving, alike to the Southern proud of his section, and to the American proud of the national name, that the communities more immediately visited by the dire infection have not been called to blush at any deplorable excesses like those which, in other lands and other days, have turned the dance of death into a masquerade of vice and license. There must be a good degree of moral sanity in the constituent elements of a social organism which is able to preserve so much of order and decorum under the stress of such demoralizing forces. And, in the second place, we may be grateful that this sad extremity of our Southern fellow-citizens has proved to so many men and women the privileged opportunity of showing the "soul of goodness" which resides in the hearts of the brave physicians who die at their posts of duty, of the Sisters of Charity and Mercy who watch at the couch of pain, and of those noble associations which bear the name and exemplify the philanthropy of Howard. And, lastly, we may hope that if, in the inscrutable order of nature, there is a needs be for the "partial evil" which darkens so many Southern homes, there will also be to thoughtful minds some ground of compensation for this heavy woe in the "universal good" it may hereafter work for the whole American people, by imbuing the hearts of men in both the lately belligerent sections with "the quality of mercy," which is called twice blessed, because "it blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

IS SUICIDE COMPATIBLE WITH SANITY?

A QUESTION, this, often asked and variously answered. Not long ago, one of our New York judges charged the jury in a life insurance case that *felo de se* is *prima facie* evidence of mental aberration, and under this ruling a verdict was rendered for the plaintiff. However, an appeal being taken, the highest court reversed the ruling and verdict; thus stamping with judicial approbation the theory that a man may take his own life, equally with that of another, while in a perfectly sound and responsible condition of mind.

It is curious to note how widely this notion of the irresponsibility of suicides prevails in Western, as contradistinguished from Oriental, countries. It comes, we may reasonably infer, from a popular overvaluation of the present and undervaluation of, perhaps skepticism as to, the future life. Those whose faith in a continued existence after the death of the body is weak, are not illogical in affirming that one who prematurely courts death and flings away man's most precious possession, must be insane. Such find in Satan's aphorism, "All that a man hath will he give for his life," a perfect support for their views. But a costly experience long since forced the managers of life insurance corporations, on both sides of the Atlantic, to an opposite conclusion, and for many years their policies have contained a clause providing for the nullification of the contract, in case the insured should die by his own hand. It is time that so important a subject as this should receive the general and most careful attention of American statisticians.

Though, as Buckle remarks in his "History of Civilization," "among public and registered crimes there is none which seems so completely dependent on the individual as suicide," yet the statistics of Von Oettinger and others conclusively prove that it is referable to a general social law, increasing or diminishing in proportion to the prevalence of certain physical and moral causes. There is a special fatality of days and seasons, a preference of certain methods by either sex and the various temperaments, and a relativity of suicide to other crimes so marked as to attract attention. It seems, as Dr. Elam observes, as though the germs of crime were lying just below the surface of society, waiting only for favoring conditions to quicken them.

A very instructive and erudite paper upon the topic under present consideration was read before the Medico-Legal Society of New York, on the 6th of March last, by Hon. O. H. Palmer, a printed copy of which lies before us. Judge Palmer maintains that suicide is not evidence of insanity, and fortifies his position by copious citation of authorities, ancient and modern. It is hard to see how the opposite ground can be maintained in the face of the facts herein marshaled forth by the author. In fact, both the New York and United States Supreme Courts have decided that there is no pre-

sumption of law, *prima facie* or otherwise, that self-destruction is due to insanity.

From time immemorial the laws of both State and Church, among Western nations, have regarded suicide as one of the most heinous of crimes. In England the offense was punished by forfeiture of estates, and, as a special mark of condemnation, the body of the suicide was formerly buried in the public highway, at the intersection of cross-roads, with a stake driven through its heart. To this day, the suicide is denied sepulture in consecrated ground by the Greek, Roman, and Episcopal Churches, and it is prohibited to use the burial service in such cases.

By the common law, he who is accessory to an act of suicide, by aiding or abetting it in any way, is guilty of murder as a principal. If the act of self-destruction were, as our sapient New York judge defined it, *prima facie* proof of insanity, how monstrously unjust such secular and ecclesiastical penalties as those above noted would be! The court says, in *Brooks vs. Barrett*, 7 Pickering, decided in 1828, that the law holds suicide as a crime *unless insanity be proved*; that the presumption of law is that all men are of sane mind, and those who would defeat this presumption by a suggestion of insanity *must prove the exception to the rule*. Is not this sound logic as well as good law?

On the general estimate that the taking of one's life is proof of mental aberration, what is to be said of those who give their lives for others? Is the lifeboatman who goes to the succor of a wreck, the policeman who jumps into the water to save a drowning woman or child, the soldier who volunteers on a forlorn hope, or, obeying orders, storms a parapet, insane? The instinct of mankind ranks these self-immolators as heroes, and crowns them with the laurel. Why, then, should we deem lunatic those who kill themselves that their families may be peculiarly benefited, or because they are afflicted with an incurable disease, or who find themselves dishonored, or from any other equally sufficient motive of interest or pique?

Among the Japanese, the *hara-kari* is the universal resort of those who are in political disgrace, without a question being raised as to the sanity of the suicide. In China it is the commonest of things for a poor man to kill himself on a rich man's doorstep, so as to force the latter to provide for the bereaved family, as law and custom compel him to do. In India, we need only recall the familiar *suttee*, or widow-burning, as proof that self-immolation of the relatives of a Rajah is regarded as the most sane and pious act of which they can be capable. And among the many examples quoted by Judge Palmer, not the least curious is that of the Hindoo caste of the *Bohis*, or treasure-porters, who, if robbed of valuables in their charge, instantly kill themselves, and thereby call down upon the heads of the culprit, his family, friends and tribe, the fearful penalty of a *vendetta* by the *Bohis*, which ceases only with the extermination of the last one connected, directly or remotely, with the robber. Surely, these humble men of Malabar have as good a right as the proudest Montmorency to write upon their escutcheons the legend, "Death but not Dishonor," and equally with them to be spared the charge that their supreme act of fidelity to trust is proof of an insane impulse.

The crime of suicide is alarmingly on the increase, both here and abroad. In Europe, while the population increased but two per cent. in a given period, the number of suicides increased from three to five per cent.; and were we but in possession of proper Federal statistics a like state of things in this country would be developed. Something must be done to counteract the evil, and it would seem that the proper way to begin is to show the reading public that they have been too long cherishing a heresy that has nothing whatever to support it.

OUR INTERNAL COMMERCE.

THE growth of the internal commerce of the country is very clearly shown by a recent report from the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department. Taking the traffic on the Pennsylvania and New York Central and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroads, with their trunk connections—undoubtedly the most important avenues of inter-State commerce—as fairly indicative of the condition of the internal trade, the report shows that since 1873 there has been a marked and substantial progress in the right direction, the traffic on the two lines first named having increased ten per cent., while on the Baltimore and Ohio the increase is sixty-three and a half per cent. On the latter road the increase for 1878, over 1877, was from twenty to twenty-five per cent. in grain and flour—a fact which has a peculiar significance as showing the commercial development of Baltimore at the expense of New York. In the same period it appears that the traffic on the Union Pacific Railroad has

advanced forty-seven per cent., that of the Chicago and Northwestern has increased twenty-four per cent., and that of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, a parallel line, twenty-eight per cent. Certainly these statistics are full of encouragement. But the report before us presents other facts no less strikingly indicative of a steady improvement in our industry and trade. Thus, for instance, it is shown that the total grain receipts at Montreal, Boston, Portland, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans were seventy per cent. greater in 1878 than in 1875. Here is a solid growth of actual wealth. It is a factor which cannot be by any process obliterated. All this enormous yield of grain, the fruit of honest toil and enterprise, must be paid for in the products of the loom, the workshop and the forge. In other words, this vast grain traffic affords a basis of active exchanges which will distribute to all classes the benefits and blessings inhering in it, thus contributing to the national wealth in the betterment of the individual. Another suggestive fact established by the report is the substantial development, during all the stringency of the past few years, of the railroad iron trade. The importations of railroad bars of both iron and steel fell off from 595,321 tons in 1871 to twelve tons in the year just closed, while the home production rose from about 3,000,000 for the five years from 1867 to 1871, to over 4,000,000 in the succeeding five years. Nor has this increase resulted from temporary conditions. Three-fourths of the demand is for the maintenance of roads in operation, while the extension of our railroad system, at the rate of 2,224 miles a year in a country as vast as this, can be maintained for years to come by our home steel and iron resources.

Surely, with facts like these before us, showing the steady accumulation of the essential elements of prosperity, we may well look with confidence to the future, asking only that the meddlers and quacks in finance will permit our business to adjust itself to natural conditions, and our monetary system to remain as it now is, in harmony with the standards of the commercial world.

PARTISAN DUPLICITY.

IT is unfortunate that Secretary Sherman cannot make up his mind to a definite financial policy, and stick to it. Annuling to-day the order of yesterday; inviting the business of the country one day to conform itself to certain conditions which the next day are displaced by others directly antagonistic—this certainly is not a course calculated to inspire public confidence or stimulate the revival of our prostrate industries. Mr. Sherman must understand that, as Secretary of the Treasury, he cannot be permitted to play the politician, and that any attempt to adapt his policy to the exigencies of his party, without reference to larger public results, will be certain to terminate disastrously to himself and those whose interests he chiefly consults. If he wishes to discredit his party hopelessly with the friends of honest finance, he has only to continue in the shifting, vacillating course he has recently pursued. And the same remark may be applied to the Republican Campaign Committee at Washington, with whom Mr. Sherman is probably in sympathy. The Republican Party has, in the main, exhibited a purpose to stand by sound financial principles and resist the greenback craze. It cannot exist in the future, any more than the Democratic Party, upon any other basis. The Washington Committee, however, seems to imagine that it can play a double game, and so, we are told, it is sending out documents adapted both for greenbackers and hard-money advocates. The secretary of the Committee recently made a speech, in a neighboring State, in which he made a deliberate argument for the greenback as against a specie currency, and this is now being distributed in localities where the greenback element is strong in numbers, in the hope of holding it for the Republican candidates, while in other places the literature of the committee represents the party to be inflexibly devoted to sound-money views. Such duplicity is simply contemptible, and by whatever party practiced, it deserves, and will receive, finally, emphatic and overwhelming rebuke.

DEPRESSION IN ENGLAND.

WHILE this country is gradually emerging from the business depression which has so long paralyzed its energies, Great Britain appears to be every day passing into deeper eclipse and more serious financial troubles. Recent advices state that in Preston 164 pairs of spinning mules have stopped; that it is feared short time will be generally adopted in Lancashire; that three of the largest cotton mills in Blackburn will close within a week, and others propose to reduce their time and force; and that, generally, the commercial difficulties are unprecedented, exciting the liveliest apprehensions among

manufacturers. Mr. John W. Forney, in a recent London letter, describes the English situation as more critical than at any time for many years. The harvest has failed, manufactures have ceased, panic prevails in the money markets, the public debt is increasing, and with it taxation is augmented; and, finally, the working people are largely without employment. "England has really no reliable market for her wares anywhere. Her best customer for half a century, the United States, has become her greatest competitor. France is her rival in the sugar market. Belgium undersells her in cotton, silk and woolen fabrics, and Germany and Switzerland and Italy have ceased to buy of her because they can make themselves, or do without. Meanwhile Great Britain must have, and will have, the grain, cotton, cattle and tobacco of America, the silks and wines of France, and the art of Italy, all of which must be paid for in gold. The outside world has become the producer of things heretofore to be had from England alone, while England must buy from others, and pay for in money many things which she heretofore received in exchange for her own productions." The picture here presented is not overdrawn. There is hardly a British colony to-day that has not ceased to be a contributor to the crown, and that is not a candidate for the support or the subsidies of Parliament. The plain fact really before Great Britain is that she is losing many of the markets of the world, and that numbers of her former customers have become her competitors.

With such a prospect, it is not surprising that Beaconsfield has seized the Eastern Question, not alone to save possessions which have become imperiled, but to open new fields for English adventure, and so far as possible divert attention from the dangers at home. But it would be paying a poor tribute to his statesmanship to suppose that he expects to gain anything beyond a temporary relief by the expedient of annexing Cyprus. The deranged financial and commercial system of Great Britain cannot be restored to healthful operation by the mere jugglery of the politician; it must be purged of the inherent evils which have produced the existing derangement, and until this is done, as in our own experience, there can be no wholesome or salutary reaction. As a factor in the work of restoring the national prosperity, Cyprus has scarcely an appreciable value. It no doubt affords an attractive field for commercial speculators of all kinds, and many companies for the development of the natural resources of the island are already in formation in London. But if it gives some persons the chance of making money, it entails upon all the necessity of spending it, representing at once a clear outlay of \$555,000 per annum, to say nothing of sundry items of contingent expenditure. It is plain that if Disraeli is ambitious to achieve added triumphs by lifting his countrymen from their business depression and placing them once more on the high road to prosperity, he must show a profounder familiarity with the subtle causes and inexorable laws which lie at the bottom of, and govern, the whole question than he has yet displayed.

CONTINENTAL COMPLICATIONS.

PRINCE VON BISMARCK still professes to take as optimistic a view of peace prospects as Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury expressed in their memorable "peace and honor" phrase on returning to England from Berlin. The German Chancellor lately replied to the felicitations of a commercial corporation thus: "I am confident that the manner in which the late war was terminated and the dread of a new war are guarantees of peace. Reactions arising from unforeseen events cannot disturb the peace for which I have not ceased to labor." This sounds very well. But without insisting upon the uneasy feeling in London that Lord Beaconsfield's policy will result in a war with Afghanistan and the reopening of the whole Eastern Question, or the fact that it is not generally believed that the Russians will evacuate Bulgaria, or that Greece will peaceably submit to Turkey's non-compliance with her demands, it may be said that Prince Von Bismarck's rose-colored picture is darkly contrasted by the actual situation in the Turkish provinces. The gay military promenade which the Austrian army of occupation was going to make through Bosnia and Herzegovina has been changed, by the heroic resistance of the insurgents, into a bloody and costly war of conquest. Fighting stubbornly on the Save will not, indeed, save the Bosnians, inasmuch as the Austrians far outnumber them, and hold all the most important strategic points, and would submit to any sacrifice sooner than, by abandoning their attempts, incur humiliation in the eyes of Europe. But only a faint idea can be formed of what trouble it is giving them to secure a few good positions for the winter campaign, and among these the fortress of Bihać, which they bombarded

and entered on the 19th of September. General Philippovich has boasted, it is said, that he would certainly be master of Bosnia within a month. But within a fortnight the roads of both Bosnia and Herzegovina will be impassable, and, unless he shall have been unexpectedly lucky, the winter of his discontent and disappointment will begin. No wonder that Austria is rumored to be sick of its bargain. It is feared that the credit of 60,000,000 florins will not last until the meeting of the delegates, about the middle of October; that before that date at least 25,000,000 florins will be needed; and, finally, that an additional sum of 70,000,000 florins will be required before the end of the year. The Opposition party is planning a parliamentary campaign against the policy of Count Andrassy. His project of an alliance with Serbia and Montenegro might be the only means that would insure to the Vienna Cabinet control over the Northern part of European Turkey; but it is so manifest that such an alliance would instantly start an uprising in Hungary that the project has to be abandoned, at least for the present. The latest report is that the Porte has signified its intention to comply with the terms of the Berlin Treaty, and that therefore it has come to a better understanding with Count Andrassy. It has been announced that possibly a second Congress will be convoked in order to enforce the Berlin Treaty; but should a new Congress meet, there is every reason to believe that its mission would consist, not in causing the Berlin Treaty to be executed, but in establishing another more serious, more practical, and, above all, more in accordance with the rights of peoples and with the spirit of the age. At present, both Greece and Turkey are sensibly averse to fighting with each other, and some compromise may be agreed upon that will prevent the disastrous consequences of a war between them.

A dispatch from Constantinople says that Sultan Abdul Hamid proposes to offer to sell Bulgaria to the highest bidder, and hopes it will bring from two to three million pounds sterling. Why might it not be well for him and for all concerned to have him sell all European Turkey? The whole Eastern Question is fast getting to be little more than a money question. It might be settled in this way as easily as in any other, and then Sultan Abdul Hamid could go out of business and Europe.

The Emperor of Germany has completely recovered from the wounds inflicted upon him by the assassin Nobeling. The fate of neither Hoedel nor Nobeling seems to have deterred others from imitating them, for another plot to assassinate Kaiser Wilhelm has been discovered, and several arrests have been made on suspicion. Prince Von Bismarck is confined to his bed with erysipelas. The Chancellor somewhat overshoot the mark in trying to force his Anti-Socialist Bill through the Reichstag. The Bill was referred to a committee of twenty-one members. It is significant that not a single member of the committee is a Socialist; but if any objectionable features of the Bill shall happen to be removed under these circumstances, the victory of liberty and reason over prejudice will be all the greater, and its effects will be all the more permanent. A suggestive article in the *National Zeitung*, of Berlin, says that neither the Socialist-Democrats, nor the Ultramontanes, nor the Particularists, consider the Empire as invulnerable. This is, in fact, the feeble side of things in Germany. There is not a single Frenchman that desires to separate himself from his nation, while, unfortunately, there are still many Germans unfavorable to the new Empire.

The French Republic is more firmly established than ever. Nevertheless, there are not wanting Monarchists, Imperialists, Ultramontane and Socialists who make plots for its subversion. It is to undermine and destroy these plots, and to enlighten the minds of French citizens, and, particularly to prepare their minds for the Senatorial elections, that Gambetta is now making a political tour of France. His recent eloquent speech at Romans unfolded the programme of the Left. Ten thousand people, singing the "Marseillaise," escorted the Republican orator and leader to his hotel.

THE number of children in attendance upon the public schools of this city at the opening on September 2d was 102,749, being 3,568 greater than last year. Over 2,300 children were turned away from the schools for the want of room. The increase in the school attendance is a fact full of promise; but the other fact, that children who desire to be educated are denied the privilege because of inadequate facilities is anything but creditable to a city justly ranking as the metropolis of the country.

WE announce with regret the death of that most genial gentleman, author, artist and lecturer, Colonel Thomas B. Thorpe, which occurred in this city on the morn-

ing of September 20th. Colonel Thorpe was in many respects a notable man. He saw hard service in the Mexican War, and both during and after that struggle he wrote of the operations in a manner that gave him high reputation as a military author. He was a frequent contributor to FRANK LESLIE'S various publications, as well as other journals and magazines; was an active politician in the best sense, and he closed an exceedingly busy and successful career at the age of sixty-two years.

THE Rev. Charles Force Deems, LL.D., the editor of *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*, has been invited to become a member of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain. The compliment, as a recognition of distinguished merit and eminent scholarship, is as worthily bestowed as it is creditable to the honorable society which confers it. Dr. Deems, as a man of broad and liberal thought, and an earnest, practical worker in the sphere of religious and reformatory effort, ranks among the foremost expositors of the best side of our national character and life, and any dignity conferred upon him, or others like him, is, in the best sense, honorable to us as a people.

It is a gratifying evidence of restored confidence in the ability and purpose of the nation to meet its obligations that people of small means are now investing in Government securities to an extent never before known. The number of bonds of the smaller denominations issued under the present four per cent. loan is threefold greater than in the loans of 1862 and 1865, there being issued 2,500 small bonds to each 940 of those of the larger denominations. It is a safe inference that the number of holders of bonds of small denominations has also increased threefold. An examination of the registered portions of the same loans discloses that there are over five times as many \$50 bonds, about three times as many \$100, and two and one-half times as many \$500, as in either of the other loans.

THE result of the Canadian elections, held last week, surprises men of all parties. The contest turned almost entirely upon the question of free trade versus protection to home industries and a retaliatory tariff against the United States, the Government being committed to the former. The outcome is an overwhelming triumph of the Opposition and the protective policy, the Government being left in a hopeless minority in the House of Commons, where it had, last year, a majority of forty-five. The revolution is attributed to the general discontent among the working classes, because of the scarcity of work and low wages; to a widespread desire for assimilating the Canadian trade policy to the system in force in this country; and, finally, to a combination of various interests bent upon securing protective duties on flour, on divers manufactures, and on coal and other minerals.

THE capture of the Massachusetts Democratic State Convention, held at Worcester on Tuesday last, by General Butler, was the political event of the past week. The triumph of the General was overwhelming and complete, but it was achieved by methods which will no doubt alienate a good many voters who, under other circumstances, would have given him their support. There is no doubt that he had a clear majority of the convention, and it is amazing that his managers should have resorted to violence for the attainment of the end which would certainly have been reached in the orderly and natural course of things. The substantial Democrats of the State will, of course, ignore the Worcester nomination and put a representative candidate in the field; but it is not clear that in doing so they will be entirely "regular." But they will, at least, save their party from disrepute, and maintain before the country an attitude of dignity and self-respect which will command the applause of all right-thinking men.

FRANK LESLIE'S "SUNDAY MAGAZINE."

THE marked excellence of this periodical—the cheapest religious magazine published—is constantly receiving gratifying indorsement by the public and the press. The appreciation of the reading public has given it a very large circulation, and the religious and secular journals invariably refer to it in the most complimentary terms. The following notice we find in the *Wilmington (N. C.) Morning Star*:

"*Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine* has no rival of its kind in America. In its chosen field it stands first. Its amiable and versatile editor, Rev. Dr. Deems, has succeeded in producing a really unique and admirable monthly illustrated family magazine—one that should be in every family in the land. The October number strikes us as exceptionally good. It is much better printed than the earlier numbers, and the matter is steadily improving. There are dozens of instructive and interesting papers. There are so many illustrations and such a number and variety of articles that we cannot undertake to specify. The South is well represented by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston and Paul H. Hayne. Dr. Deems's own contributions are generally the most valuable in the numbers."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Board of Control of Coal Producers have fixed the amount to be mined during October at 1,200,000 tons.

THE Park Commissioners of New York contemplate using the electric light to illumine the public squares of the city.

A TIMELY circular has been issued by General Superintendent Kimball to the officers and men of the Life-Saving Service.

EX-SECRETARY OF THE NAVY ROBINSON has received the Republican nomination for Congress from the First New Jersey District.

A NATIONAL Unitarian Conference was opened at Saratoga, N. Y., on September 18th, with the Hon. E. R. Hoar in the chair.

UP to Saturday, September 21st, the total amount of money contributed in New York City for the yellow-fever sufferers was \$291,644.

A COMMISSION has been appointed by the Master of the Rolls in England to take additional testimony in this country in reference to Erie Railroad matters.

HON. JOHN H. SLATER, Member of Congress from 1871 to 1873, was elected United States Senator by both Houses of the Oregon Legislature, September 17th.

THE twenty-seventh semi-annual meeting of the New York State Homeopathic Medical Society has been held at Middletown, and closed with a banquet on September 18th.

COMPTROLLER BURRELL of Brooklyn is determined that the city shall make no further payments towards the East River bridge until Comptroller Kelly pays New York's portion of the expenses.

THE Italian bark *Carlo Frugoni* brought to the Delaware breakwater, on September 18th, the entire body of the officers and crew of the Spanish frigate *Pizarro* which foundered at sea on the 11th.

IT was believed on September 21st, that the body of the young woman found on Staten Island packed in a barrel was that of Annie Hommel, of Saugerties, N. Y., who disappeared from her home in December last.

AN Imperial German Commission, of four gentlemen, including the Privy Councillor of Finance and the Councillor of Revenue, sent to this country to study the methods of collecting revenue from tobacco, reached New York on September 19th.

CHUN IAN PIN, the Chinese Ambassador, and his suite have taken possession of their quarters in Washington, and after being presented to the President, the Ambassador will leave this country for Spain and Peru to establish ministerial and consular services.

JOHN H. KINKAID has received the Republican nomination for Governor of Nevada, and R. M. Daggett that for Congress, on a platform declaring the validity of the President's title, repudiating a third term and demanding further legislation in the interest of silver.

THE present State officers of Connecticut were renominated in the Democratic Convention held at New Haven, September 17th. Francis B. Loomis, the nominee for Lieutenant-Governor, having declined another term, Charles Durand was subsequently chosen.

THE official statement of the cotton crop of America for the year 1877-78 has been published by the Cotton Exchange of New Orleans. The receipts at all ports were 4,334,190 bales; overland movement, 295,206 bales; Southern consumption, 144,369 bales; total crop, 4,773,865 bales.

IN Massachusetts the Republicans have nominated ex-Governor Thomas Talbot for Governor, and John D. Long, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, for Lieutenant-Governor. General Butler's friends took Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, by storm, before daylight on September 17th, and gave him the Democratic nomination for Governor.

THERE is sufficient data on hand from the collectors of Internal Revenue for the month of August, to show that the receipts from internal revenue for that month are \$500,000 less than for a similar period in 1877, and that the receipts from tobacco have been correspondingly diminished. The commissioner will oppose a reduction of the tax at the next session, on the ground of the necessities of the Government.

Foreign.

THE Spanish Cortes will meet December 2d, after King Alfonso's return from his tour among the Northern garrisons.

A MONSTER demonstration is being arranged at the Paris Exhibition for the relief of yellow-fever sufferers in our Southern States.

NO FURTHER devastations by famine in China are anticipated now, as rain has fallen abundantly in the northern provinces, and a good harvest is expected.

A TELEGRAM from Rustchuk reports that three Russian Army Corps, which had commenced their homeward march, have been ordered to return to Eastern Roumelia.

IT is rumored at Constantinople that the Grand Vizier, Salvet Pasha, is willing to cede, eventually, several islands of the Archipelago to Greece, but nothing on the mainland.

IN consequence of the advance of the Austrians in northeast Bosnia, numerous small bands of insurgents are crossing the frontier into Serbia, where they are disarmed and "interned."

THE elections in Canada, on September 17th, resulted in a great victory for the Conservative and Reform parties. It is likely that Sir John MacDonald will succeed Mr. Mackenzie as Premier.

IT is reported that Lord Salisbury has refused to use his influence to induce the Porte to conclude a convention with Austria on the grounds that Turkey is not alone behindhand in fulfilling the Treaty of Berlin.

IN Paris it is denied that the basis of a new treaty between the Porte and England have been settled, giving England a protectorate over Egypt, with the approval of France, and that Lord Salisbury insisted that France should occupy Tunis.

GENERAL JOVANOVIĆ telegraphs that the pacification of Herzegovina is virtually completed. Kojenice and Klobuk, which are still held by insurgents, will very shortly be cleared. Insurgents have been appointed and a police has been organized throughout the country.

IN reply to the Sultan's against the cruelties which have Christian Bulgarians upon the M of that province, the Czar has an amicable and reassuring Russian Commissioner in R all acts of injustice or cruelty the inhabitants of the pro-

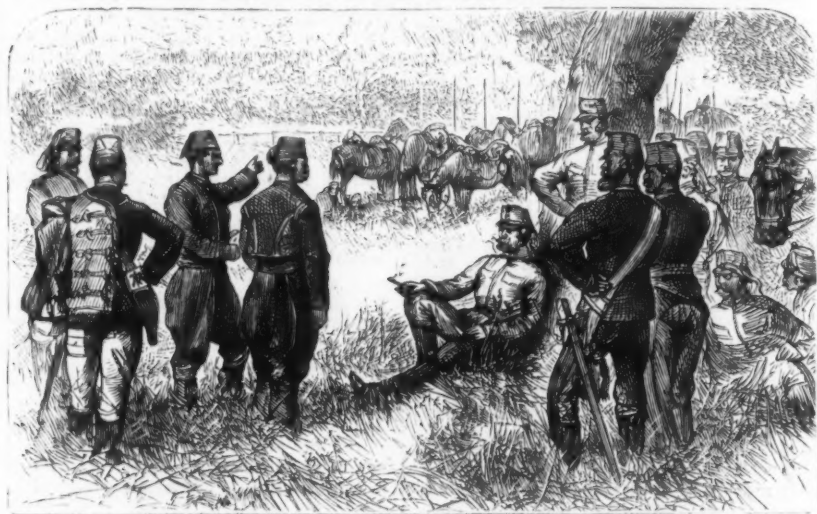
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 71.



BULGARIA.—UNBLINDING THE BEARER OF A RUSSIAN FLAG OF TRUCE AT GABROVA.



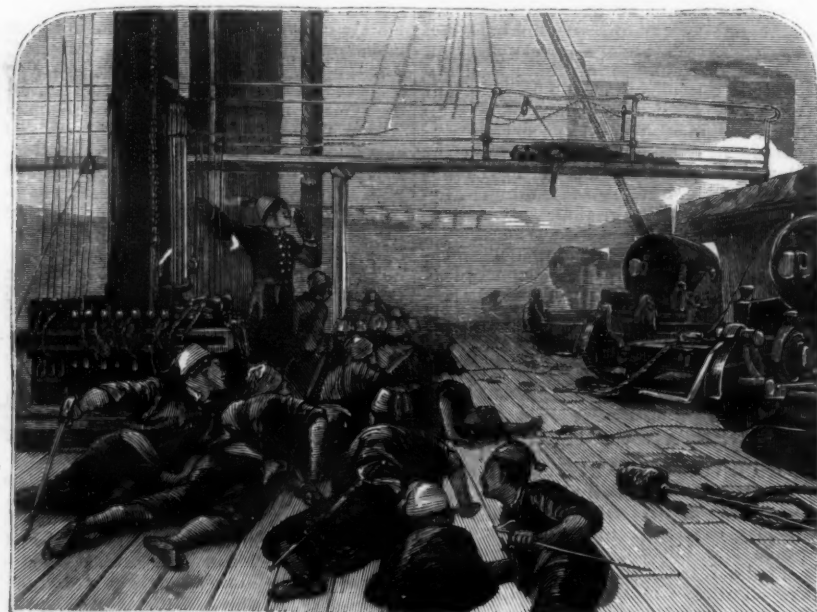
BULGARIA.—THE INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION EXAMINING SUFFERERS AT GABROVA.



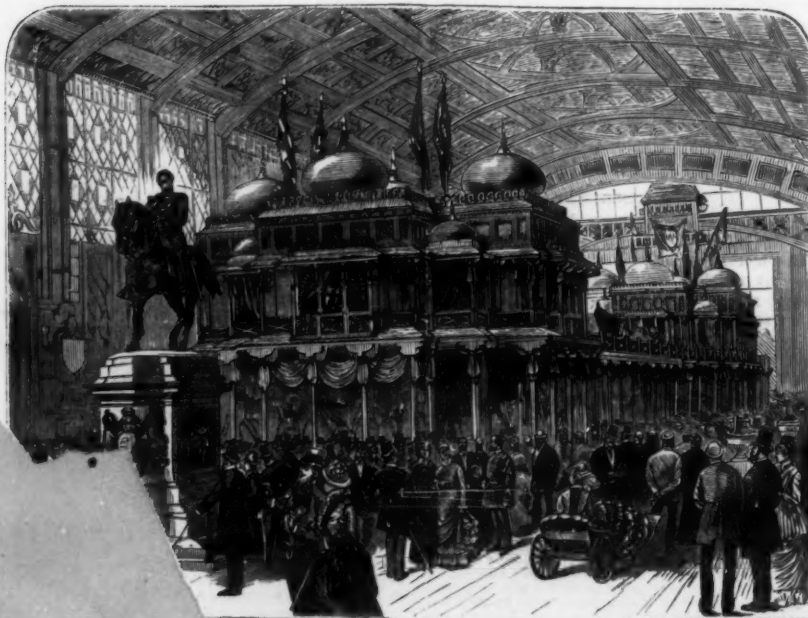
BOSNIA.—GENERAL PHILIPPOVICH QUESTIONING INSURGENT OFFICERS.



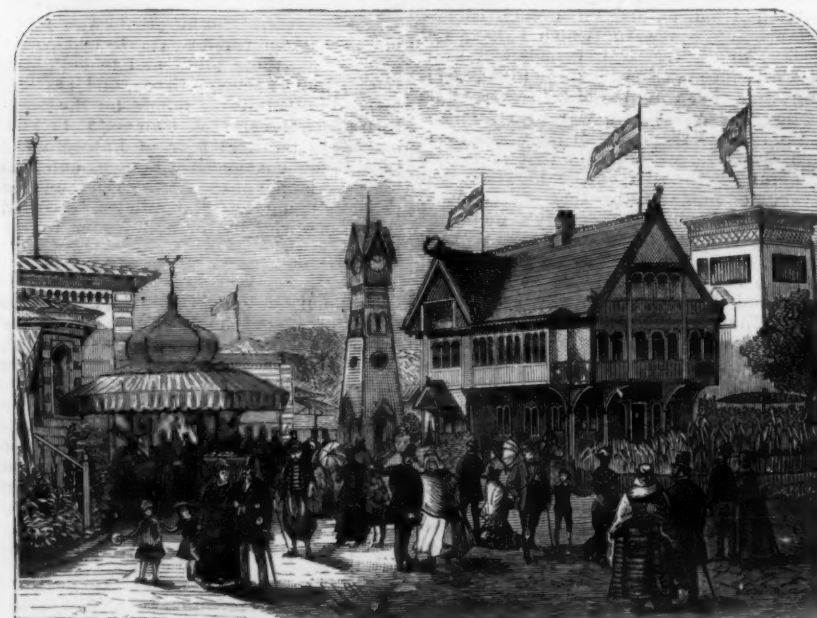
BOSNIA.—GENERAL SZAPARY'S RETROGRADE MARCH TO DOBOJ.



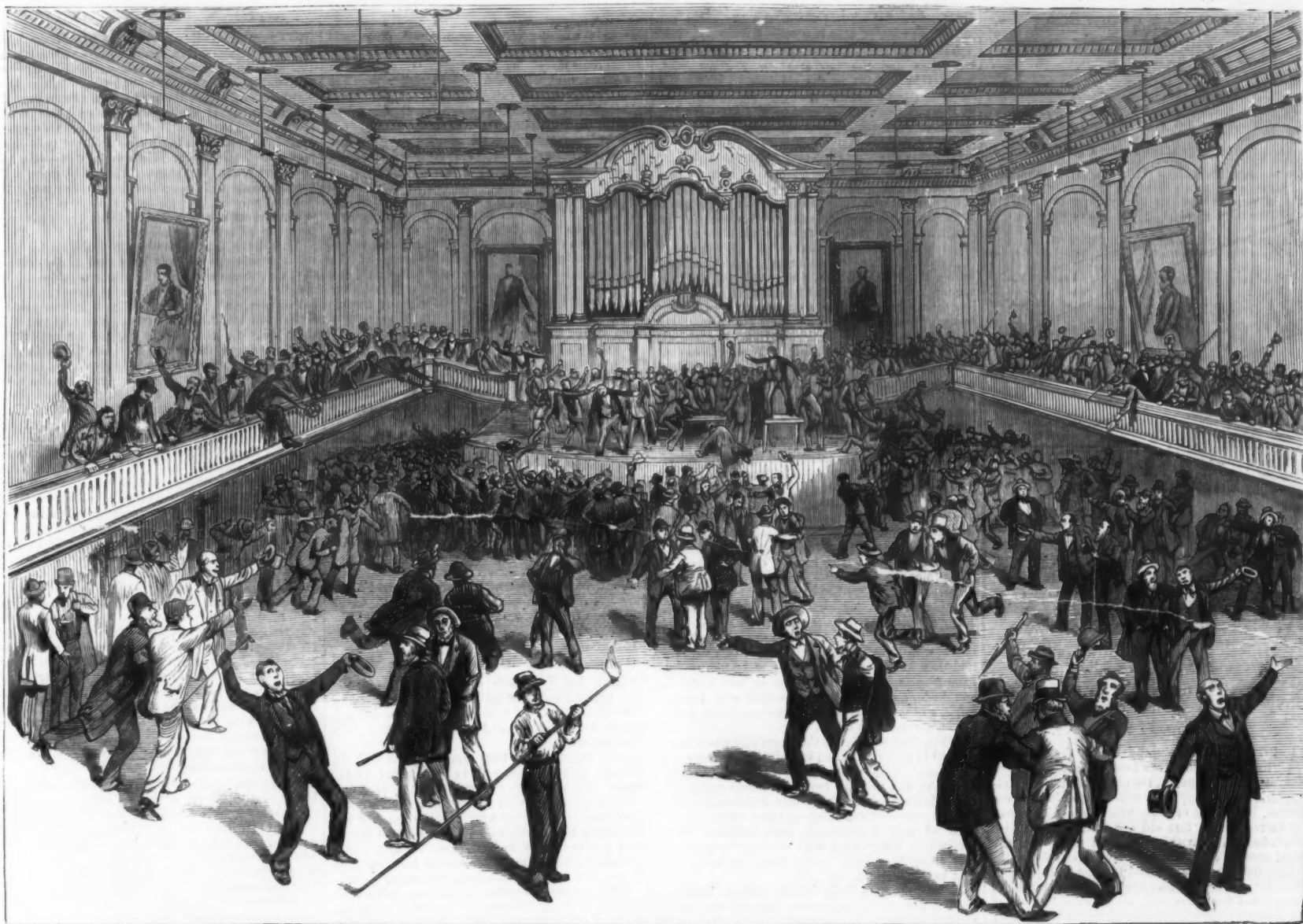
TURKEY.—ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR—FIRING BY ELECTRICITY.



EXHIBITION.—PAVILION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S INDIAN COLLECTION.



FRANCE.—THE PARIS EXHIBITION—THE TUNISIAN, EGYPTIAN AND SWEDISH PAVILIONS.



THE BUTLER DELEGATES TAKING POSSESSION OF MECHANICS' HALL, BEFORE SUNRISE, ON SEPTEMBER 17TH.



HALF-DRESSED DELEGATES CHARGING THROUGH THE CORRIDOR OF THE BAY STATE HOTEL.



PROVISIONING BUTLER DELEGATES.



BUTLER DELEGATES FORCING THE DOORS OF THE HALL.



WAKING UP BUTLER DELEGATES IN THE HOTEL, AT 3 A.M.



SERVING RATIONS OF BEANS AND HOT COFFEE IN THE ANTEROOM OF THE HALL.

MASSACHUSETTS.—THE NOMINATION OF GENERAL BUTLER FOR GOVERNOR BY THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT WORCESTER, SEPTEMBER 17TH.

FROM SKETCHES BY GEORGE R. HALM.—SEE PAGE 71.

THE OLD HOME.

O LITTLE house, lost in the heart of the lindens,
What would I not give to behold you once more!
To inhale once again the sweet breath of your roses,
And the stately clematis that climbed round your door—

To see the neat windows thrown wide to the sunshine;
The porch where we sat at the close of the day,
Where the weary foot traveler was welcome to rest
him,
And the beggar was never sent empty away;

The wainscoted walls and the low rafted ceilings;
To hear the loud tick of the clock on the stair,
And to kiss the dear face bending over the Bible
That always was laid by the grandfather's chair!

O bright little garden beside the plantation,
Where the tall fleurs-de-lis their blue banners unfurled,
And the lawn was alive with the thrushes and black-birds,
I would you were all I had known of the world!

My sweet pink pea-clusters! My rare honeysuckle!
My prim polyanthus all of a row!
In a garden of dreams I still pass and caress you,
But your beautiful selves are for ever laid low—

For your walls, little house, long ago have been leveled;
Where the tall fleurs-de-lis their blue banners unfurled;
Allen feet your smooth borders, O garden, have trod;
And those whom I loved are at rest from their labors,
Reposing in peace on the bosom of God!

A SECRET MARRIAGE
AND
ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY THE DUKE DE POMAR,
AUTHOR OF "THE HONEYMOON," "THROUGH THE AGES,"
"WHO IS SHE?" "FASHION AND PASSION," ETC.

BOOK FIRST.

A PRINCESS OF TULLE.

CHAPTER III.—A RETROSPECT.

ABOUT twelve months before the events I have narrated in the two preceding chapters, Francis Raymond, the only son of Lord Rollingsford, and consequently sole heir to his immense estates, had come of age, which event had been celebrated in the fine old ancestral home of his forefathers in Warwickshire with more than the usual amount of public and private rejoicings.

Shortly afterwards he had left the University of Cambridge, where he had been finishing his studies for the last few years, and accompanied by two of his favorite college companions, he had started for a tour on the Continent, which had lasted about four or five months.

I shall not describe the wondering eyes with which this youth, fresh from college, and whose experience of the world had until then been limited to the homely and quiet life at his father's country seat, and to the comparatively monotonous existence in a small university town, beheld for the first time the gay and dazzling scenes of continental life.

That he went with his whole heart into every kind of new excitement that presented itself, I need not state; neither will I narrate how he managed to spend these few months of freedom and happiness, which passed away before he or his gay companions had begun to realize the full extent of their enjoyment.

One night in Paris, while they were as yet at the commencement of their journey, they decided on going to the opera. They had passed the day in visiting several museums which possessed no particular attractions for them, yet which they had considered themselves bound to do before quitting that city, and were consequently very tired when night came, and it was time to go to the theatre. The opera they went to was not that gorgeous new national academy of music, in which the late Emperor seemed to have wished to perpetuate for ever the gilded glories of his prosperous and brilliant reign, but the old opera-house in the Rue Lepelletier, which was afterwards destroyed by fire, but which is still so dear to the memories of all true Parisians. And the opera had begun long before they reached it after their hurried dinner at the Café Anglais.

The house was crowded as usual, and the heat was overpowering; besides, the opera that evening was one they had all seen often enough, and better performed, too, in London; so they had almost made up their minds to go, and were casting a last glance round the boxes, where the Parisian ladies sat attired in the last fashions, when Eric Monbat, one of the companions of our hero, called his attention to one of the boxes nearest the stage by saying:

"By Jove, Raymond, look there! Isn't that the most lovely woman we have seen since we left England?"

Frank immediately took up his opera-glasses and looked towards the box indicated by his friend. There, in the front of it, and surrounded by half a dozen men, sat certainly the most beautiful woman in the house, and indeed the most beautiful he had ever seen anywhere, at least so thought that highly impressionable youth.

Her skin was very fair, though her hair was jet black; her cheeks, and particularly her lips, were of that warm rose-colored tint which no art could possibly give; she had large black eyes veiled by long dark lashes that only seemed to render them more brilliant and sparkling; and her mouth was small and beautifully formed. She was dressed entirely in white tulle, which seemed to envelop her like fleecy clouds, and in her lustrous dark hair shone stars of immense diamonds.

"She is indeed a heavenly creature. Who can she be?" was the question which all three put immediately to each other. But as it was impossible to answer it, they were forced to content themselves for the present with admiring her and commenting upon her beauty.

The performance after this completely lost the little interest it had until then had for them. But

they completely forgot their previous idea of leaving the theatre, and they even forgot to notice the heat of the crowded house, for they could not take their eyes off that one woman.

They only rose from their stalls when the opera was over and the fair stranger had departed, when they hurried to the corridor in which the box was situated and made every possible inquiry of the various doorkeepers as to who she was; but they got very few satisfactory answers, and the little they did learn about this mysterious beauty served only to increase their curiosity.

The box, it seems, was let for the season to an Italian prince, whose name the boxkeeper could not pronounce, and the beautiful lady often came with him; but whether she was his wife or his daughter, or, indeed, any relation whatever of his, he could not tell. He even hinted that she might be a *cocotte*; but this notion was at once discarded by the three Englishmen, who could not entertain the idea of such a perfect beauty being anything less than a princess; and so, for want of a better name, they agreed to call her amongst themselves, unconscious of the interpretation Frenchmen might give to such a name, "The Princess of Tulle," as she had been attired in that material.

For many days afterwards they talked incessantly of this beautiful woman, and repaired night after night to the opera to try and catch another glimpse of her. There they sometimes saw her, but there alone, for nowhere else did they ever meet her, though they frequented several places of public amusement, and took daily drives in the Bois in the hopes of obtaining a closer view of the object of their admiration.

They found out, thanks to their perseverance and the handsome tips with which they tried to bribe the boxkeeper, who had the kindly happiness of opening the door for them, that the name of the person to whom the box was let was "Il Principe della Rocca-Tagli," and that the lady in question was not his wife nor yet his daughter. Their curiosity led them to call at the Italian Embassy, and to ask point-blank of one of the secretaries who this fortunate Italian was, and were told that he was a very rich young Italian prince from Naples, but that he had never been married, and had neither sisters nor cousins with him in Paris, so that this mysterious lady could not possibly be any relation of his.

When they saw her at the opera she was always dressed in white tulle, and was always accompanied by several men, who seemed to pay her great attention, and to enjoy her society thoroughly, for they seldom condescended to take any notice of the performance that was going on, much to the annoyance of our Englishmen, who watched them throughout the evening with envious eyes, for the only object they had in going there was to gaze at that particular box.

The Princess of Tulle herself seldom laughed, even when her companions seemed the most excited and amused; but when she did, her coral lips disclosed a double row of small teeth so white and even that they might have passed for strings of pearls. But if she did not often condescend to laugh, and to disclose those hidden treasures, her large dark eyes smiled perpetually, and their sparkling glances when something was said that pleased or amused her were like the silvery rays of glinting stars.

They had delayed their journey from day to day, still hoping that by some accident or other they might in time become personally acquainted with her, or, at all events, learn her name, and attended the performances at the opera regularly for nearly three weeks, but with so little success that, tired of a chase which seemed so unsuccessful, they determined at last to quit Paris, and to proceed at once on their way towards Italy.

It was their last visit to the opera-house. The third act had begun, and the Princess of Tulle had not yet arrived, so they had made up their minds they would have to leave Paris without seeing her again, their departure having been fixed for the morrow, when suddenly the door of the empty box was opened and that bewitching lady appeared, accompanied as usual by the Italian prince and four other men.

This time she was not dressed in white, as she had always been before, but in black tulle, and a wreath of red roses encircled her raven locks. Around her neck and in her ears glistened diamonds of priceless value, and she held in her hands a large bouquet of red roses like those which adorned her head. Her cheeks were unusually flushed, and her eyes seemed to sparkle more than ever.

Our friends directed their opera-glasses towards her immediately, and it became apparent to them that night for the first time that she was not quite unconscious of their presence, for she whispered something in the ear of the gentleman who was sitting nearest to her, and soon afterwards all their eyes were turned towards them. Doubtless her attention had been drawn to them before; perhaps she was aware that these young men only went to the theatre to see her, and perhaps she also felt flattered by the interest with which she inspired them, for she blushed when their ardent glances met hers, and tried to hide her confusion by laughing and chatting more than ever with her companions.

The three Englishmen scarcely dared to look at her through their opera-glasses any more after this; but once, when Frank Raymond suddenly directed his admiring gaze towards her box, his eyes met hers, and he thought he detected in her look something like admiration—at least, so the conceited young fellow thought at the time; at all events, the look she bestowed upon him was so earnest that curiosity alone could scarcely have prompted it.

The next day they left the gay capital of France, where they had spent such a happy time, and they saw no more of this mysterious lady who had so engrossed their attention.

They traveled for some months in Italy, where they visited in due succession every large city, and did everything that was to be done; but the name of the Princess of Tulle was often on their lips, and not even the many beautiful Italian women they saw during their travels were able to drive her image from their minds.

When on their return they once more stopped in

Paris for a few days, they again went to the opera to try and catch another glimpse of her; but their wishes were not realized this time, for the mysterious lady was not in her accustomed place, and instead of her the box was occupied by a stout old lady, accompanied by three girls, evidently her daughters, each of whom seemed uglier than the other.

When the performance was over they repaired at once to the corridor, where the same boxkeeper they had so often questioned about the mysterious dark-eyed beauty sat in his accustomed seat, and inquired of him what had become of her. But he could tell them nothing. The prince in whose name the box had been taken for the former season had left Paris, and it was now let to an American banker, who came to it regularly every evening with his wife and daughters. Where the young Italian had gone, and what had become of the bewitching lady who used to accompany him, the young men were never able to find out, and they were forced to return to England without having solved the mystery of that beautiful woman they called amongst themselves "The Princess of Tulle."

Raymond had soon afterwards quitted his gay companions, and taken up his abode in the well-known town residence of his family, Rollingsford House, where he had passed the London season, going to all the balls, operas, and races of the year; and it was towards the end of this season, when tired of hot rooms and insipid flirtations, he had determined to accompany his old friend, Captain Howard, on his visit to the distant island of Westra.

That the vivid impression the lady at the opera in Paris had produced on his mind had not yet vanished, that the most beautiful belles of Mayfair had been unable to drive that mysterious stranger out of his thoughts, we see plainly enough by his involuntary exclamation when the Lady Laura Lonsdale presented to him her new French governess, Mademoiselle Marie Gautier, in whom he at once recognized the very counterpart of the Princess of Tulle.

CHAPTER IV.—THE PRETTY FRENCH GOVERNESS.

THEY had now been a week at Westra, and began already to feel as if they had lived all their lives in that old castle by the sea, which had seemed so forbidding and gloomy to Frank Raymond on his arrival.

They spent their time agreeably enough in shooting and fishing, and in excursions to the neighboring islands in the little yacht. The moors were well-stocked with grouse, the trout-streams were literally swarming with fish, the weather was everything they could wish—a sort of mild Spring with plenty of sun and pleasant warmth, and a perpetual and invigorating breeze blowing from the sea that kept the rain and mist away.

A highly impressionable young man, just a little bit *blasé* with the pleasures of a first London season, and still infatuated with the great sensation he believed himself to have produced amongst the reigning beauties of Belgravia and Mayfair, with plenty of sports of all kinds to while away his time, and a happy disposition to thoroughly enjoy everything—Frank Raymond might have considered himself at that time the happiest of men.

His host, the Earl of Westra, he seldom saw, for, as Captain Howard had before informed him, he passed the greater part of the day shut up in his own room, and but rarely made his appearance amongst them; but he had found him, to use his own expressive words, "a jolly old fellow, just a trifle rough, but so thoroughly hospitable and good-natured that one could not but forgive him his little peculiarities, and find plenty of excuses for his strange and, perhaps, at times unprepossessing manners." But to make up for that he saw a great deal of his daughter, the handsome Lady Laura, who really improved greatly on a closer acquaintance, and made things most pleasant for them, and seemed to take an interest in all their doings; and he also saw a great deal, though, perhaps, not quite so much as he could have wished, of the pretty French girl, who so reminded him of the woman who had made such a deep impression upon him in Paris, and she always looked bewitchingly pretty, and smiled sweetly upon him whenever he spoke to her.

In the evenings, on their return from their shooting or fishing expeditions, tired, and sometimes not in the best of humors, they repaired to the old-fashioned drawing-room where the children had their tea, and where the two young ladies were always pleased to welcome them, and offer them a cup of tea to refresh them before going to dress for dinner. Here they would sit and chat, sipping innumerable cups of that delicious beverage, which, when poured out by the pretty white hands of the French girl, tasted like nothing earthly; and later on, when the dinner was over—a rather too serious and stately affair to be particularly enjoyable—Lord Westra had retired to his room, after narrating in his broad Scotch dialect those favorite stories of his, at which they had to laugh and pretend to be highly amused every night until they grew almost to know them by heart themselves, though their point never presented itself very clearly to their southern minds, they would proceed to the drawing-room, and, reclining on those sofas of the First Empire that they now almost began to consider models of comfort, they would remain far into the night listening to Lady Laura's old Scotch songs, and, to what still was better, some modern French romance or ballad which the pretty French governess would sing with a *châc* which, as Frank often remarked to his friend, far surpassed anything he had ever heard.

Indeed, every day he grew more and more enchanted with this sort of life, and especially so with the lovely young girl who converted it almost into a paradise for him; and he quite forgot that he was living in a half-civilized island, and in an old fortress where the modern comforts which habit had rendered almost necessary to him had never even been heard of.

The rooms were damp, cold, and cheerless, and he was wont to confess that his bed was not everything that he could have wished, and that even in that drawing-room, which was the only room in the castle that had been entirely refurnished since the days when the place had been originally built, and where the father of the pre-

sent earl had tried to introduce the fashions of his day, there was not one comfortable chair, and its tables and sofas seemed so fast tottering into decay that one was forced to sit or lean upon them cautiously for fear of their breaking down altogether. But for Frank Raymond all these discomforts were as naught. He would sometimes complain if the water came through the roof into his room during the night, or if sitting upright on those stiff, classical-looking sofas in the drawing-room gave him fearful pains all down his back, but only in a joking, laughing, way. He was fully sensible of the great beauty and charm of Marie Gautier, and was conscious of her smallest accomplishments, but the rest seemed to pass before his eyes like the vague discomforts of a dream which could have no power to influence him physically.

Sometimes Lady Laura would apologize for the small misadventures that happened almost every day, and would explain to him how troublesome it was to manage a household under such great disadvantages, and how very difficult it was sometimes even to obtain the necessities required for their daily fare. He then assured her that he enjoyed every comfort, and he spoke the truth; as long as he was near Marie, everything seemed perfection. The sun shone Marie, the castle was Marie, the wind sighed Marie, and the sea looked Marie, and everything seemed the more beautiful to him, perhaps, for being thus concentrated in that divine woman.

Under such circumstances, what did it matter to him whether his bed was soft or hard, or what he had for dinner, or, indeed, whether he had any dinner at all? As he lay at night in his bed, were not his dreams always rendered pleasant by the visions he had of that bewitching French girl? And as for dinner—he would sit opposite to her, devouring her with his eyes, and sending away untouched almost all the dishes that were offered to him.

It was not that Marie laid herself out to please him, or tried in any way to win his regard, for she was always plainly and simply dressed, and made no attempt whatever to appear to advantage, or to make any display, neither did she put herself out in any way to please or amuse him; but her natural beauty was such that the impressionable young fellow could not but be attracted by it, and her manners were altogether so fascinating and bewitching that it would have indeed been wonderful had he not felt himself drawn towards her and forgotten everything else in her society.

"I wonder where this French girl could have learnt that wondrous power of fascination which she seems to possess in such a remarkable degree!" Captain Howard would say sometimes. "My cousin Laura tells me that she is but a poor girl whom they engaged through an advertisement in the papers, and that she herself has told Laura that her family were but common peasants living in the south of France, and that she never had much of an education bestowed upon her—which I can believe, for she speaks with rather a provincial accent, and though she can sing and play pretty well herself, she is utterly incompetent to teach the children anything beyond the merest rudiments of music."

"Oh," Frank would answer in his passionate way, "that power of fascination of which you speak comes naturally to her; she could not be otherwise than charming, do what she would. These French girls are all born ladies, you know, never mind where they come from. Besides, her family, though now reduced in circumstances, may very possibly have been once rich and even noble. In a country where revolutions have been so frequent it is not wonderful to see these changes."

His friend used to shake his head in silence. He could not well understand how a poor peasant girl, as Marie Gautier professed to be, could know so much of the world, and have become such a complete mistress of the most difficult of all arts—that of fascinating men and keeping them always amused.

He, too, felt himself unconsciously drawn towards this pretty foreigner, and her many charms did not pass unnoticed by him. But he was a man of a very different temperament from Frank's; he was cold, unimpressible and cautious, and though in a way a great admirer of female beauty, he was not a man who easily fell in love—if, indeed, a heart hardened and corrupted by the world as his had been could feel such a tender passion at all.

"I begin to fear," he said one day to his friend, as they were fishing for salmon in the river near the castle, "that you will end by doing some foolish thing or other with regard to this pretty French governess. You admire her greatly?"

"Indeed I do, Jack," the latter answered readily; "don't you?" he added, wondering how it could be that her beauty possessed no allurements for him.

"She certainly is wonderfully pretty; but there are lots of pretty women in the world."

"I never saw such eyes; did you?"

"Well, perhaps not; but I do not see why you should flirt day and night with her as you do. Mind my words, Frank; you are going too far, and will get into a scrape one of these days if you do not take care."

"You never flirt, old chap, of course," Frank replied, laughing. "I guess Lady Laura could tell a very different story were she here."

"She is my cousin."

"And do all cousins go on as you two do? Do all cousins take long walks together by the seashore, and talk nonsensical sentiment by the hour, and retire to solitary corners in the evenings, and chat and laugh by themselves until they make every one feel uncomfortable. I am sure Marie and I never even mention such sentimental stuff; and as for flirting, why, we never say anything to each other that you or Lady Laura might not hear, only you choose to hide yourselves from us, and prefer talking alone, as if you had ever so many secrets to discuss."

"Perhaps you lack the courage to talk sentiment with your lips to this French girl, though you certainly do express a great deal too much of it with those soft languid eyes of yours."

"Do you think Marie would permit me to say to her what you say to your cousin? Of course not. She is a proud girl, though she is poor and

unprotected, and I should be a wretch were I to take advantage of her position."

"What nonsense!"

"You may call it nonsense if you will; but I assure you that I admire that girl a great deal more than you think."

"Oh, I am fully aware that at this moment you imagine yourself in love with her. I wonder how many girls you fell in love with last season!"

"Not one; upon my honor, Jack—not one."

"So this is your first love—your very first love?"

"How silly you are sometimes! I tell you I am not in love with her. Why will you not believe me?"

"Then why do you always speak of her, and think of her, and I dare say, dream of her?"

"Because I admire her. Can't a fellow admire a girl without being actually in love with her? Why, just look at yourself and your fair cousin; you are not in love with her, and yet you are forever flirting with her."

"She is my cousin, and I am her guest; surely there is no great harm in my making myself agreeable to her?"

"And to make yourself agreeable to the poor girl, you are gradually leading her to believe that you are in love with her. Now do you think that right and honorable?"

Howard laughed, but looked a little annoyed.

"If the girl chooses to think that I am in love with her, and is gratified with the idea, why, that is no business of mine," he answered, after a short pause. Soon afterwards he whisked his line out of the water with a jerk, and giving it to the gillie who was standing near them, turned his back to the stream.

It was beginning to get unusually dark, and the wind, which had been gradually increasing all day, now blew a perfect hurricane. Heavy thunder-clouds were fast closing over them, and densely overspreading the sky above their heads.

"I think we had better hurry back to the castle," Howard said, after casting a look at the sky.

"I think so too; it is blowing half a gale," Frank replied, giving his line to the gillie, and putting on his waterproof. "Let us go back at once."

With a quick step they made their way through the fields, but as they got nearer the sea, the wind, which was blowing dead on shore, became so terrific that at times they were almost unable to stand against it. Sweeping gusts of rain were beginning to beat their faces like showers of hail, and before they even saw the sea its salt spray was on their lips.

At last they reached the castle, and were met at the door by Lady Laura and Marie, who, together with all the children, had been looking out for them, frightened by the terrific storm that had come on so suddenly.

(To be continued.)

THE MASSACHUSETTS DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

THE Massachusetts Democratic State Convention, called at Worcester on September 17th, will be memorable in the political annals of the State as the scene of almost unprecedented turbulence and disorder consequent upon the effort of the supporters of General Benjamin F. Butler to get control of the organization. It was known in advance that the Butler party was strong in numbers, and that nothing would be left undone to secure the nomination of its favorite, but it was not supposed that violence would be resorted to for the accomplishment of this end.

The night previous to the convention the Butlers, having hired all the available halls in the city except one, took possession of the hotels, establishing their headquarters at the Bay State House. During the evening and far into the night canvassing, etc., went forward vigorously. The Democratic State Committee was in session, passing upon the credentials of delegates, and a rumor getting abroad that they would, as far as possible, exclude Butler men from the convention, the intensest excitement ensued. At about two o'clock, A. M., on the 17th, a crowd of Butler's followers promenade the corridors of the Bay State House, hooting and singing, for the purpose of calling together all those who sympathized with them in this peculiar manner of warfare. An hour later a delegation knocked at the doors of the rooms in the Bay State, where Butler men were known to be, and so eager were many men to see their chief that several left the hotel but partly dressed. After a crowd of several hundred had been collected, they started for Mechanics' Hall, engaged for the convention, with the expressed purpose of bursting in the doors, and in that way circumventing the State Central Committee. The surging mass of men and boys precipitated themselves against the centre gate, which was speedily forced from its hinges, and the door soon after giving way, the crowd poured into the hall in a perfect swarm and took positions directly in front of the speakers' stand, where they showed a disposition to remain until compelled to leave their position. A drunken orator mounted the platform, and, in an impassioned harangue, urged his hearers to see to it that they had their rights, and, in the exercise of those rights, to vote for Benjamin F. Butler. Others followed in short but incendiary addresses. At about six o'clock, word was sent to the Mayor of the city, and he very properly decided to order the entire police force on duty at nine o'clock, and the mob were given until that hour to leave the hall. In case of its refusal to do so, the police were given orders to put them out, and to use all the force necessary so to do, but nothing was done. At nine o'clock the Mayor and the policemen arrived and stopped the entrance to the hall, leaving inside what Butler men were there for the time being. The State Committee hearing what the Butler men had done, at once voted to issue no tickets to the hall until they were put in possession of it.

The scene in the rear of the hall at seven o'clock in the morning was full of lively incidents. The Butler men outside outwitted the police by a stratagem, and succeeded in virtualizing the besieged occupants. A long ladder was brought and put up to the second-story window, immediately over the back door. Then a clothes-line was carried up and let down, and barrels of crackers and great cans of hot coffee were hoisted into the hall by willing and brawny arms. The clothes-line was severely tested, but stood the strain. As barrel after barrel was

hoisted into the window, the crowd below would congratulate the muscular hoisters above. Then a cordial invitation was extended to all Butler men outside to mount the ladder. The invitation was immediately accepted by some thirty men, who made the rungs of the rickety old ladder creak under their weight. The aperture above was narrow, the ladder obstructing it, and the stouter men had to be pulled into the hall by main strength. Finally, a plucky policeman mounted the ladder, cleared away the hoisters of provisions, and the ladder came down with a crash.

At about a quarter past eleven o'clock the crowd was called to order and organized as the regular convention. Mr. Avery, Chairman of the State Committee, forced his way to the platform, and announced that the committee had voted to adjourn the convention to the 25th, at Faneuil Hall, Boston, but the announcement excited only derision. After this the machinery was promptly set in motion and business hurried through. The doors were opened and Butler men admitted in crowds. Charles M. Strauss, of Hingham, a member of the State Committee, who had left the committee room, was brought forward and read the call. Major McCafferty, of Worcester, was made temporary Chairman, the committee of seven, appointed under the former organization, was made the regular Committee on Credentials, the State Central Committee was voted out of office, and arrangements made for the choice of a new one; Richard Spofford was elected permanent Chairman by acclamation, and made his speech, which he had already prepared, and which was a bid for the laboring element and the Greenbackers. The Credential Committee reported 309 towns and cities, represented by 973 delegates, and Butler was promptly nominated for Governor by acclamation.

Before the question was put, a delegate in the rear of the hall managed to put in some strong words of protest against Butler's nomination, denouncing him and characterizing the action as suicidal. He was hissed and hooted at, and it was with difficulty that the managers could restrain the mob from violently closing his mouth. The nomination of Butler was carried with a great shout. The Committee on Platform was organized, a majority being Greenbackers. A committee was appointed to complete the ticket and a recess taken for dinner.

The afternoon session was short. Speeches were made by McCafferty, Thomas Riley, a young Boston politician, and one or two others. The platform was then reported, the remainder of the ticket was nominated by acclamation, and the last business was to complete the organization of the so-called convention. The remainder of the ticket is as follows:

For Lieutenant-Governor—John F. Arnold. For Secretary of State—Charles M. Strauss. For Attorney-General—Caleb Cushing. For Auditor—J. Boyle O'Reilly. For Treasurer—D. N. Skillings. The three nominees last named have since declined.

The Democratic leaders believe that the violent action of the Butler men in seizing the hall is good for 20,000 votes against Butler. The following address was adopted in the State Committee by a unanimous vote:

TO THE DEMOCRATS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Whereas, a delegate convention of the Democrats of Massachusetts, for the nomination of candidates for State officers, has been called by the State Central Committee of the Democratic Party, to be held in Mechanics' Hall in Worcester, this day; and, whereas, it is found at the hour of assembling of said convention that Mechanics' Hall is in possession of a mob which has entered the hall by force and stealth, by leaders through the windows; and, whereas, the committee are informed that the other public halls in Worcester are pre-occupied; and, whereas, the Mayor of Worcester informs said committee that said hall cannot be cleared and placed within the control of said committee; now, therefore, the said committee, declaring the right of a free and peaceful assembly of all deliberative bodies assembled for political purpose as the foundation principle of all Democratic action, and believing said convention cannot with safety be held this day at Worcester, do hereby declare and proclaim said convention postponed, to meet at Boston, in Faneuil Hall, on Wednesday next, at 11 o'clock A. M.

R. J. DE CORDOVA.

RUDOLPHE J. DE CORDOVA, the well-known author and lecturer, is a native of the West Indies, having been born in Queenstown, Jamaica, December 15th, 1824. At the age of twelve years he entered upon a journalistic career on a newspaper owned by his father, and while working himself up to the proprietorship he began studying foreign languages. About the year 1850 he came to this country, and settling in New York City, became connected with the firm of Aymar & Co., where he remained until the panic of 1857, when he accepted an editorial position upon one of the daily morning newspapers. It was about this time that he began the series of humorous writings and lectures for which he has become famous. Among the best known of his efforts are "Mrs. Fizzlebury's New Girl," written expressly for the last Christmas number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER; "Courtship and Marriage," "Our First Baby," "Miss Jones's Wedding—No Cards," "The Old Maid," "Planchette," "The Widow," "Mrs. Slocum at the Opera," "Mrs. Perkins's Thanksgiving Dinner," "Fairy Lands and the Fairies," "Mrs. Smith's Surprise Party," "Mrs. Grundy," and "That Dog Next Door," which appears in our supplement this week.

Mr. De Cordova is a linguist of much distinction, having mastered Spanish, Italian, German, French, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. It may be remarked en passant that he follows his penchant for writing, and lectures in the leisure gained from the successful prosecution of commercial business in New York.

Rock-Dwellers at Tours.

Tours has a remarkable geological characteristic in a long cliff, several miles in extent, composed of a very soft stone, which has been denuded by the gradual cutting of their channels by the rivers Loire and Cher. These rivers were probably one broad stream originally, though now they have different beds and names. The cliff has been perforated in many hundreds of places, and a thousand or more people reside in the houses so made. These are rock dwellings, their rooms being hewn out of solid stone, and the chimneys being carried up through the same. In some cases the rock is perforated with long grottoes and caverns, which must be explored with torches. They have been artificially made, but for what purpose no one now knows. Some of them are said to be as ancient as the occupation of this region by the Romans under Cæsar. The Touranese, it may be remarked, claim a classic lineage stretching back of Cæsar, and say their name is derived from Turnus, who, chased from Italy by Æneas, came hither with the Rutules, and founded a kingdom in Gaul; in which case they might have been the people addressed by Paul as "foolish Galatians." This is not consistent with Virgil's account of the death of Turnus; but then

Virgil had never seen the tomb of Turnus preserved at Tours. But, to return to the grottoes, there seems to be little doubt that they served as hiding-places for the first Christians who came here, and one is still shown which was used as a little subterranean cathedral by St. Gatien in the beginning of the fourth century.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Rhodope Commission.

As soon as the Berlin Congress had concluded its work an International Commission was formed at Constantinople in order to investigate the grievances of the malcontents in the Rhodope Mountains, where the Mohammedan inhabitants of the surrounding districts were maintaining open insurrection against the Russians, and also to inquire into the state of the refugees in the neighborhood, and the ill-treatment which it was asserted they had received at the hands of the Russians and the Bulgarians. On arriving in the affected districts, the Commissioners at once entered diligently upon their work of inquiry, visiting the various points, and making personal investigations into the complaints of the refugees and of the insurgents. Although the official report has not yet been published, it is manifest that the most revolting details of outrages and cruelties committed by the Bulgarian and the Russian soldiery were proved to be true, the most horrible stories of the ill-treatment of women and girls, literally by the score, and of the bayoneting of children, being related by the unfortunate refugees, while whole villages were found to have been destroyed, and their inhabitants expelled and despoiled of all they possessed. Our sketches illustrate two episodes during the stay of the Commissioners at Gabrova. The first represents the reception of a Russian flag of truce by Hydayet Bey, a chief of the insurgents, and the unblinding of the Russian Parliamentary. The Turkish officer unblinding the Russian messenger, Colonel Dimitrieff, is the aide-de-camp to Baki Bey, and the officer sitting down is Hydayet Bey. The other personages are as follows: Beginning from the right, Hadji Ibrahim Effendi, second secretary to Hydayet Bey; Skinder Bey and El Hass Bey, aides-de-camp, Mullah Murad, and Ferullah, the Chief of the Irregular Cavalry. In the second sketch the European Commissioners are busy at work at Gabrova examining the victims of Russian brutality at Kuskalar. Consul Fawcett is interrogating the unfortunates; and the remaining Europeans are the various members of the Commission.

Austria's Occupation of Bosnia.

On the 8th of August last, Zepce, a post held by the Bosnians with the aid of some diaband Turkish soldiery, was stormed by the advance of the Austrian army of occupation, and captured, together with the neighboring town of Maglad. The Austrians had then been taken quite by surprise, as it was by no means certainly ascertained that there would be any forcible resistance to their entry into Bosnia. After the conflict of the 8th, General Philippovich moved on to Vranduk, and, in halting by the way, examined the insurgent officers, who had been taken prisoners at Zepce, questioning them about their intentions, and the forces of the confederacy to which they belonged. The Austrian left wing, consisting of the Twentieth Division, commanded by General Szapary, was not successful in the early part of the campaign. Its task was to advance from Doboj, on the Bosna, in a southeast direction, by way of Tuzla, to Zvornik, a fortified town on the Serbian frontier, which was held by a powerful hostile force. General Szapary was compelled to fall back from Tuzla to Gracanica, and thence to Doboj, recrossing the river Bosna, and finding some difficulty in securing his retreat. One of our engravings represents a scene that occurred during this retrograde movement, which was attended with some confusion. The fortress of Bihacs capitulated to the Austrians, who entered it on the afternoon of September 19th, after stubborn fighting on two strong outworks. The commander of the army of occupation has promised to conquer Bosnia within four weeks.

A Turkish Man-of-War.

The Turkish ironclad fleet in the late war had few opportunities of gaining renown by any brilliant action, but rendered important services to the Ottoman Empire by keeping the Russian naval force, such as it is, confined to port on the north coast of the Black Sea. During the war an artist was permitted to visit a squadron at the time of practicing the series of manoeuvres, rehearsed at stated periods to instruct the officers and crews in the operations they would have to execute in actual combat. The entire fleet of the Sultan comprises six ironclad frigates, seven ironclad corvettes, and two small gunboats; this was its strength at the end of the war, two corvettes having been lost, and five gunboats, on the Danube, surrendered to Russia under the terms of the armistice. The most powerful of the frigates is the *Massoudieh*, which was built in the Thames and completed in Chatham Dockyard, and has been chiefly employed as guard ship in the Bosphorus. The ship is of equal dimensions with the *Hamidieh*, the one lately purchased by the British Government, and now called the *Bellicose*; her armor is twelve inches thick, and she carries twelve 16-ton guns in a raised central battery amidships, and three 120 pounder Armstrongs on the upper deck. The *Asirick*, *Mahmoudieh*, *Orkanieh*, and *Osmannieh* frigates were all built in England, and are similar to one another, having armor-plating but 4½ in. thick, and each carrying one 300-pounder Armstrong gun and fifteen 150-pounders. The *Assar-i-Tekik* is a smaller frigate, but armed with four 12-ton guns and four 6-ton guns. She is of French construction. The corvettes have 7½ in. and 9 in. armor-plating, and carry each four 12-ton guns in a central battery; the *Fatih-Bulend*, of English build, is the best of this class.

The Paris Exhibition.

One of our illustrations this week represents the "Indian Pavilion," erected for the collection of gifts from the Princes and Chiefs of India to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, which is situated at the entrance to the British-Indian section of the Exhibition, in the grand vestibule or north end transept of the Palace in the Champ de Mars. This magnificent display of Oriental jewelry, armor, and miscellaneous workmanship is one of the most popular attractions of the Exhibition, and the cases in which the Prince of Wales's presents are displayed are always thronged with crowds of the curious of both sexes, particularly in the afternoon, when the surrounding space becomes a fashionable lounge. Indeed, the courtesy of the Prince in lending the collection to the Exhibition authorities has gone far to enhance the popularity which the interest he has shown in the Exhibition from the beginning has secured him amongst all ranks of Parisians. The other illustration represents the exterior of the Tunisian, Egyptian, and Swedish pavilions, adjacent to each other, in the Trocadéro Park. The Tunisian and Swedish buildings have been described upon former occasions. The Egyptian, on the west side of the Trocadéro, is a structure of two huge pyramidal blocks, with truncated summits, connected by a gallery, beneath which is the ponderous-looking doorway; the sidewalls have no windows, but the back wall, in its upper part, has a wide bay, opening to the south, and overlooking the Seine and the Champ de Mars. The only decoration is that of colored bands and miniature colonnades on the massive piers to the right and left of the entrance.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE city of Paris gets \$20,000 a year for the rent of its flower-stalls.

—THE gold yield in North Carolina last year amounted to \$160,000.

—THE crops of cotton, cane, peas and potatoes throughout Florida are reported as very fine.

—IN one year the Moffett register in the Richmond, Va., saloons has paid a revenue of \$46,760.

—THE Texas Board of Education has decided to appropriate \$900,000 for school purposes the present year.

—THE next Texas Legislature will be petitioned to pass a law preventing the wholesale slaughter of buffalo on the Plains.

—THERE are nearly 1,000,000 Angora goats in the Cape Colony, where they were introduced only about twelve years ago.

—THERE are thirty-eight banks in Japan, sixty-four more are about to be started, and several other finance companies have applied for charters.

—THE consolidated and floating debts of Turkey now amount to about \$1,000,000,000, and the annual expenditures greatly exceed the revenue.

—IT is stated that the annual value of the wool-clip in Ireland is £1,500,000, and that the dairy-farming industry has a capital invested in it of £20,000,000.

—THE Grand Council of Switzerland has granted amnesty to ninety-three Catholic priests who were deprived of livings in 1873 for refusing to comply with the requirements of State.

—THE Government of British Colombia has commenced collecting the Chinese head-tax. The Dominion officials have taken steps to test the validity of the Act depriving them of voting power.

—THE native bishop of Hayti has recently preached in Westminster Abbey—the first recorded instance where a colored divine has been listened to within the walls of that venerable place of worship.

—CAPITAL punishment has been abolished in Switzerland, and the punishment for murder ordinarily amounts to five or six years' imprisonment. As a consequence the most atrocious crimes have been quite frequent.

—AUSTRALIA has carried off the highest diploma for wheat at the Paris Exhibition. She gained a prize for each of seven samples of wheat and flour. Adelaide wheat gained the gold medal at the London Exhibition of 1861.

—THERE is a probability that a Bill will be introduced in the French Chamber of Deputies next session for the re-establishment of the several consulates in America that were abolished a few years ago on the ground of economy.

—THE court-martial that has been investigating the loss of the *Eurydice* has decided that nobody was to blame. She foundered in a sudden and blinding snow-storm. The vessel has been raised and taken into the harbor at Portsmouth.

—THE Crown Prince of Prussia has refused to pardon Mr. Bishop, the Englishman who recently sold plans of the German fortresses to suspicious parties, and he will suffer his two years and a half imprisonment as imposed by the court.

—WISCONSIN'S bounty of \$5 for every wolf scalp cost the State \$16,000 last year, and is a growing bill of expense. The wolves, also, are increasing, and it is inferred that some people are finding the raising of wolves a profitable business.

—THE French Government has under consideration a plan for extending the railroad system of that country by branch lines, running two or three trains daily at a very moderate speed. There is need of such lines to open up outlying districts.

—THE village of Kollmar, in Holstein, is famous for the longevity of its inhabitants. It has a population of 1,400 souls. A diamond-wedding—the seventy-fifth anniversary—has just been celebrated there, the tenth in fourteen years, and two others are impending.

—SCOTLAND always has a larger preponderance of male births than England; 107 boys to 100 girls is the average this year; in England it is 104. In Fife and Stennis, Orkney, with a population of 1,400, there were registered 17 births between November, 1877, and July, 1878, and all 17 were boys.

—SIBERIA has gold diggings as well as exiles, and last year the diggings on the Rivers Amovri and Sel, where three thousand workmen are employed, yielded gold worth 2,000,000 roubles. This yield was surpassed by that of a private proprietor in another part of Siberia, whose output was no less than 3,000,000 roubles.

—IT is said that the German Socialists propose, in case the pending Bill for their suppression is passed, to dissolve of their own accord all their associations and to suppress all their journals, in order to avoid pursuits and seizures. They consider themselves sufficiently strong to continue their propaganda secretly, from house to house, without infringing on the new law.

—THE two hundred Trappist monks for whom land has been purchased in Pennsylvania are not the first of that Order in America. In 1803 a colony, led by Augustin LeStrange, settled at Pigeon Hill, Pa., and after removals to Kentucky, Missouri, and Illinois, located permanently in Nova Scotia. Other colonies were established later in Kentucky and Iowa, both of which now hold the rank of abbey.

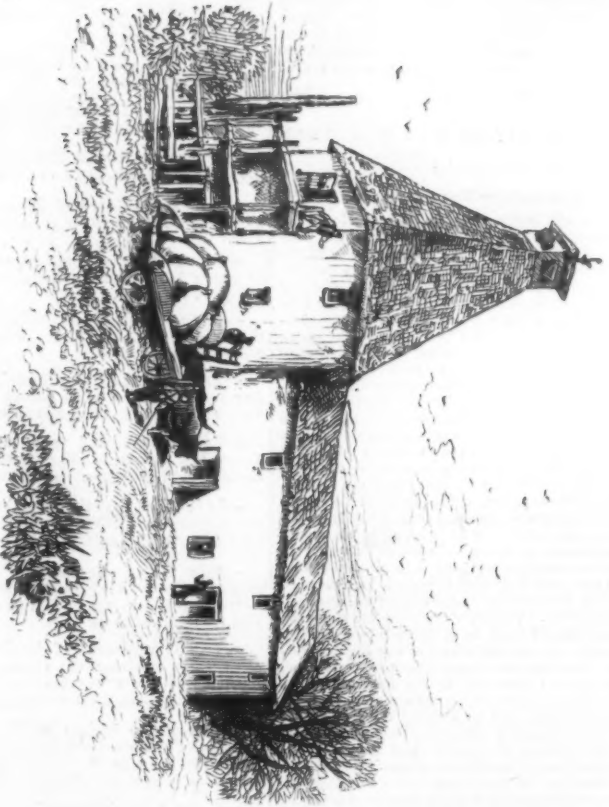
—ON the Midland Railway, England, when a traveler buys a ticket he is given a bill of fare, on which he ticks off what he would like for dinner or lunch and at what refreshment station he would like to have his meal. He signs his name and the number of his ticket to the bill, which is telegraphed on, and when he arrives he finds a table spread for his party, the soup on the table and the other courses in readiness, all at the usual hotel charges.

—THE opium product of China is increasing so rapidly that fears are entertained by the English that the Indian article will be supplanted in the Chinese markets. In the opium-producing districts of China smokers are estimated to comprise five-tenths of the male population, and in all China three-tenths of it. There have been public edicts against the cultivation of opium, but they avail little, as the producer silences the official with a fee.

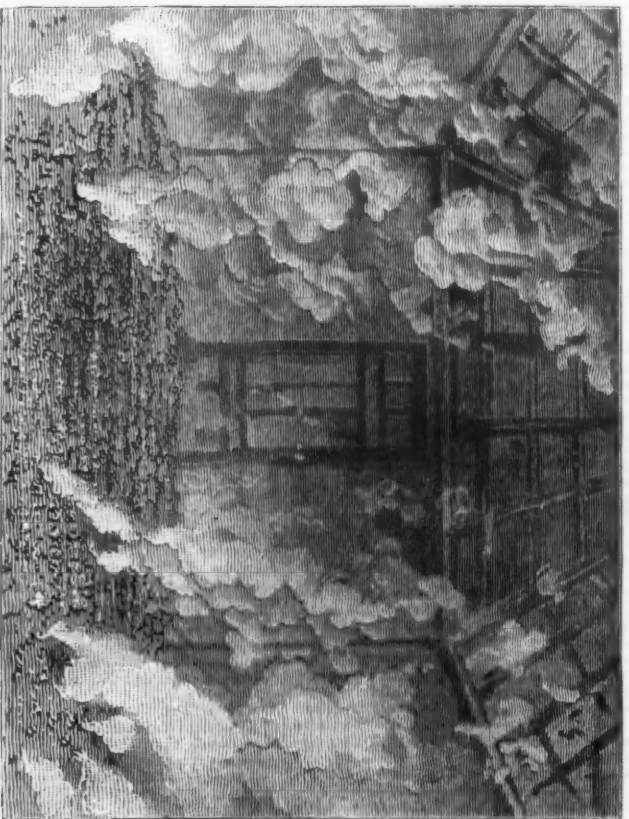
—TRAVELERS complain that since the Italian Government has occupied Rome as its capital the ancient city is losing picturesque antiquities, and is being transformed into a bad imitation of a modern town. From the new quarter around the railway station to the royal mausoleum for the royal family all is in bad taste to the artists' eyes. Their treasures are removed and their views destroyed, and they curse the white stone and red brick that the new occupants are building on all sides.



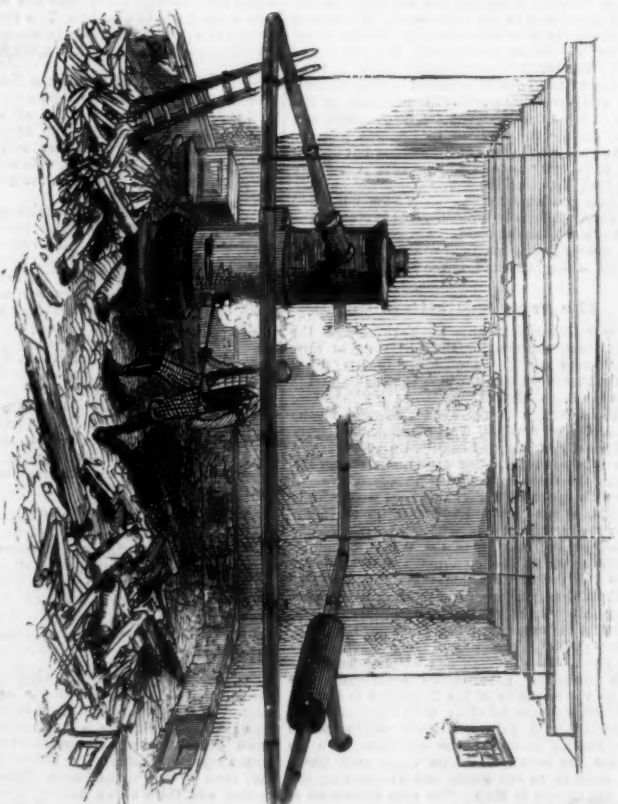
SCENE IN A HOP-YARD NEAR COOPERSTOWN.--HOP-PICKERS AT WORK.



EXTERIOR OF DRYING-HOUSE.



DRYING-ROOM.



HEATING-ROOM.

NEW YORK.--A VAST AMERICAN INDUSTRY--THE GREAT HOP-YARDS IN THE VALLEY OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.--FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BROOKER.--SEE PAGE 74.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.



VIEW OF THE VALLEY OF THE SUSQUEHANNA—THE GREAT HOP DISTRICT, FROM THE RAILROAD.

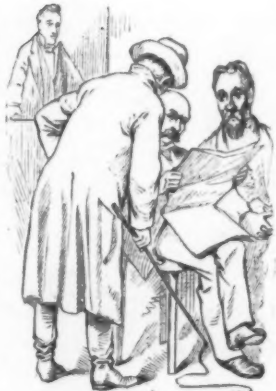


THE HOP HARVEST.

"Go along the Susquehanna Valley, strike Cooperstown, and you'll see as much hops being picked as will supply the whole Union," said an eminent brewer to the writer a few days since, and acting upon what jockeys call this "straight tip," I started one sunny morning last week from Albany, en route to that most picturesque little inland town which the genius of James Fenimore Cooper has immortalized, and where he came unto his grave "in a full age like a shock of corn cometh in his season." I stood beside the slab that lies in the green churchyard and read his *hic jacet* with a sigh tempered by many tender and sunny memories; and as I glanced at Lake Otsego, glistening blue through the rich foliage of lordly elms, visions of the "Pioneer" and the "Last of the Mohicans" so strongly smote my mind's eye that for the abstracted instant I was of a verity "a boy again." Spinning along the Susquehanna Valley, the artist and I enjoyed to the full measure the ever-varying beauties of this fertile and lovely vale, now opening out at one end perhaps on some grand mountain which seemed loftier and grander as we ascended opposite to it, just as a really great man seems greatest to those who have climbed to something near his own altitude. Now the great mountain is shut out, and from one ridge we look down on another vast range of hill and valley, villages sheer beneath us, white streams, green woods, hop-yards, groves of hop-poles, stubble-fields golden-yellow in the vertical dayshine, thymy banks and fern—a change at every turn of the line, which seemed as though Nature herself waited for us like a playful child round a corner to give us a caress. Along the sky line ran a great soft border of the greenest foliage, and directly beneath it, stretching down into the valley, hop-yard after hop-yard. The blue sky and the forms of the hop plants reminded me of sunny Italy, nor were peasant girls with deep-blue eyes wanted to complete a picture at once refreshing, charming and ineffaceable. Having tarried in the valley to enable the artist to make a full-page sketch, we took the unromantic, yet all-necessary, cars for Cooperstown, and, hiring a team, started for the hop-yard of Mr. Peter Parshal, at Elm-dale, near Whig's Corner, and about six miles from Otsego Lake. Mr. Parshal having invited us to visit his hop-yard where the pickers were industriously engaged at work under rude awnings, shaped like the sail of a felucca, and having indicated to us the stereotyped short-cut, we set off in a B-line for the scene of our labors. At the outset, however, we were confronted by difficulties. A most hideous-looking bulldog, possessed of a "d-d disinheriting countenance," evinced a most decided inclination to become possessive, if not of a pound of flesh, of that outer covering which "doth become the man"; while in crossing a field, a bull, with as fierce an air as one of the Navarros animals which I have seen tosmen and horses high in air in the bull-rings in "Spendthrift Spain," went for the artist as though his portfolio bore the blood-red flag of the matador, his umbrella the cruel, straight-bladed, death-dealing sword. Having gained sanctuary in the hop-yard, the pickers, pausing in their operations, turned to gaze at us, as sheep face round when a dog enters a field, while a somewhat shady, elderly party, under the impression that we were dealing in hops, shuffled after us, asking, in husky tones: "If you're doing in hops I'll fix ye off, square. Nobody won't find no bulge on me."

Stretching away in straight rows were fragrant bowers of hops, the air richly scented with their aromatic perfume. Each hop-shoot is planted at a distance of eight feet, its attendant pole being from eighteen to twenty feet high. There are "string-yards" and "pole-yards," and in reference to their respective claims for superiority there always exists amongst hop-growers a very lively dispute. A string-yard is where the poles are placed wider apart, and the hops allowed to "string" or run along extended cords, which they do at their sweet wild will, paying a mute but very appealing tribute to the picturesque, as the graceful festoons in a string-yard vie with the caressing vines one beholds in France, Italy and Spain. In a pole-yard, two poles a foot and a half apart are placed, and upon these crutches the hop arrives at maturity. "On the string," said Mr. Parshal, "the hops must get more light and air, and although that yard up the hill there is a pole-yard, I reckon I've a bigger picking in this string-yard." When the hops are ready for picking, the growers either send for "pickers" or depend upon stray help, principally fed by that element yelet tramp. If a grower imports help he pays the rail fare in the coming only, or sends a team, should the distance be not considerable. He boards and lodges such of his pickers as are willing to board and lodge with him; some of them, especially the tramp element, being utterly careless as to food, raiment and roof. He pays each picker thirty cents a box, and board, or fifty cents a box, without board. The board is such as would put many professional establishments in New York to the blush, both as regards the quantity and quality of the food.

The first operation in a hop-yard is the lifting of a pole. This is done by a stalwart youth, who bears his floriated and festooned burden banner-wise on his shoulder, gently depositing its laden end upon a box. A box is 4 feet long, 2 feet deep, and 18½ inches broad. Into this box the picker casts the hop-blossoms, receiving for such labor his or her thirty or fifty cents, according to arrangement. If the blossom be heavy, a smart picker can fill two boxes in the



"ARE YE LOOKING FOR HOPS?"

dexterously done, especially by the nimble fingers of the fairer sex, some of whom, in the true coquettishness of womanhood, indulge in the luxury of gloves, while others wear stockings—the soles being cut away—stretching halfway up the arm. The clatter of human voices, interspersed with occasional bursts of hearty laughter, buzzed and rang through the yard, while an interchange of repartee between the boxers seemed to plant a radiant smile upon "Labor's homely face." The "box-tender" feeds the "box-a" with hops, and when the box is filled replaces it by an empty one. Each box is numbered, the corresponding number being branded on a sack, into which the contents of the box are pressed. A certain number of sacks filled, a primitive cart, drawn by patient-looking, brown-eyed oxen, lazily appears upon the scene; the cart is laden, and its freight duly borne across hill and down dale to the drying-house. This plan of numbering boxes and sacks is essential, because in this way one can drop on a box of dirty hops, that is, hops that have been loosely picked. "There is great emulation amongst the pickers to have clean boxes," said Mr. Parshal.

The yard in which we stood covered a space of six acres and contained 1,500 poles. Mr. Parshal estimated that this year's pick on this particular yard would yield fifty-two bales, two hundred pounds to each bale, and that he would sell at twenty-five cents per pound. The trading is done through dealers who reside in Cooperstown, although some hail from New York. The dealer comes round as soon as the hops are picked and dried, and purchases on sample. In Europe, the hop-growers are small proprietors who partly dry their crops in the sun, and then sell them in bulk to the proprietor of the hop factory, where they are finished by artificial heat and baled, the products of the different gardens being mixed together. In America, on the contrary, each farmer dries and bales the product of his farm, any bale being of a uniform quality of the whole yield. Hence the value of our standard article in the European market and our export of 90,000 bales to England in the year of grace 1877. Anterior to 1867 we imported largely from Germany, paying seventy and seventy-five cents a pound for our hops; now we have not only sufficient for our home consumption but have had more than enough for the English demand, and have supplied an article so superior to the German and Bohemian as to supersede the products of both these countries in the London market. This year a heavy frost in Spring nipped the early plants most grievously, but later growths along the Susquehanna Valley are of superb quality. Hops will not always grow in soil wherein the vine flourishes. I was pointed out a large patch on Mr. Parshal's farm on which the hop had been wheeled and coaxed in vain, while its sweeter sister flourished like the rose-trees round the palace of the Sleeping Beauty in the wood. "Hops like a hillside facing the east," was the sententious remark of the "grower" by my side.

The drying room is situated over an apartment containing an immense stove, in which maple, hemlock, deal and birch are consumed. The floor on which the freshly picked hops are laid is open save for rafters, over which a covering of "dry cloth" is stretched. On this dry cloth the hops are left for twelve hours enjoying a heat of from 120° to 130°. In the funnel-shaped roof is placed a ventilator which regulates the hot air. Adjacent to the drying-room is a large loft, upon the floor of which the hops when dried are deposited for the inspection of the dealer, who, carefully examining a few handfuls taken at random, names his price and goes upon his way. The hops are then baled at the expense of the grower and forwarded at the cost of the dealer. While in the field the poles are stacked, and the debris of the plants burnt.

In the barn adjoining the drying-house we witnessed a "hop"—a genuine dance of hop-pickers, over two hundred being present from the surrounding yards. The men, wearing the livery of the sun, hale, hearty and brown as October ale—by-the-way, why does not each farmer brew his own beer in these hop-growing districts?—the women, for the most part, clean, comely and modest, but also there were many, too many, leering, unsexed and wanton-looking, and too full of that spirit of city uncleanness which even in the pure atmosphere of the

twelve working hours; if light or poor, a box and a half only. The boxes are placed end on against one another, and to each box there are four "boxers" and a "box-tender."

"You can always reckon how many hands a hop grower employs, when he tells you his number of boxes," said our cicerone. "I have seven boxes."

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RECEPTION AT THE HOP-FIELD.

Susquehanna Valley failed even for an instant to obscure. Ah, me! but it was sorely out of season to behold rings and brooches and earrings in company with soiled, stained and tattered garments, and pitiful to hear jests uttered by lips which once claimed sisterhood with purity. The dances consisted of reels, hornpipes, and other lively measures, the dancers evincing considerable skill in the Terpsichorean art, and when I came to consider that these votaries had been standing the livelong day in the hop-yard, their unfading energy spoke volumes in favor of their physique. The music consisted of two fiddles; the light, two ordinary kerosene lamps suspended from the ceiling.

"They'd dance till morning," observed Mr. Parshal, "if I'd let 'em; but people that dance all night can't work all day, so I shut down at twelve precisely. They try to buy me up, offering me a dollar, two, sometimes three dollars, for an extra hour, but the word is no. It wouldn't pay."

The war price of hops was sixty-five cents per pound. Two-thirds of the output of this section of the country go West. In 1866 Wisconsin yielded from 80,000 to 100,000 bales, and so "overdid it" that the culture became utterly unprofitable; the result of this over-production being that last year it yielded but 40,000, while the crop this year is estimated to yield but 15,000 bales.

For brewing purposes new hops are considered the best, but old crops are taken for ale purposes, while lager consumes the new crop. The value of this industry in the exceptionally low prices of last year is estimated at \$4,000,000 for 260,000 bales. Fifteen cents per pound is the living price for the producer. The best hops that come to New York City are those grown in New York State; the next best being raised in California, whose yield this year will be about 15,000 bales. England prefers her own hops first, and then ours. We attempted to supply Germany, but Hans failing to appreciate us, we do not now cast a thought upon him. All the domestic trade, and most of the export trade, is done through New York City, nearly fifty firms dealing exclusively in hops, and representing a large "pile" of the almighty dollar.

The dealers say that, as a rule, those who sell first sell best, but this is a matter upon which there is a considerable difference of opinion. The increased consumption of lager beer, and its substitution for other beverages, has largely increased the demand for hops for brewing purposes; and although the ale manufacturers do not take so great a quantity as they used to do, the decrease is more than made up by the demand from the manufacturers of lager. It is beyond the region of controversy that the demand for the article has increased from year to year, and it is but fair to suppose that the increase will continue. Last year the low prices offered for hops discouraged many farmers from raising them this season; but now that the trade would seem to have righted itself, and the apprehension of a glutted market no longer to be entertained, we look forward to a considerable extension of hop-growing on this vast and prolific continent.

The weather was delightful, the scenery superb, the hop-pickers picturesque, the artist satisfied, and we returned to Gotham after our hop-picking thoroughly enamored of the Susquehanna Valley and its leading industry.

SUMMER RETREAT OF PROF. ALEX. AGASSIZ, NEAR NEWPORT, R. I.

THE earth seems suddenly to cease on the ledge upon which Professor Agassiz has built his "soul a lordly pleasure-house," compassed by the inviolate sea, about five miles Atlanticwards of Newport, R. I. The ocean, the secrets of whose heart it is his mission, *bon gré, mal gré*, to wring out even at two thousand fathoms, lies before him, speckled with white sails like unto a great green plain dappled with daisies. Upon his right the Dampplings, and stretching away in the dreamy distance that "bit o' rough and tumble" so dreaded by those who go down to the sea in ships, Point Judith, the whiter-brown coast decorated with a string of pearly foam. On his left and to the side of a tiny inlet, of which more anon, rich billowy meadows and miniature woods, with here and there the roof of some cognate villa peeping timidly at amorous Father Neptune. Behind, the dainty, old-fashioned, yet new-fangled, slow yet fast, dreamy yet feverishly wide-awake, City of Newport, with its dainty harbor, its frowning fort, and its general air of haut ton, mingled with the faintest suspicion of the flavor of the Mayflower.

"I hold the mahogany to be inviolable," says Thackeray, and we pass the professor's residence to his laboratory, which is situated by the side of an inlet, upon whose clear and limpid waters floats a steam-launch moored to a rough-and-ready rustic pier. This laboratory is a thing of beauty, and consequently a joy for ever to the heart of Professor Agassiz. It is partly early English, reminding one of the quaint houses in the streets through which Sir John Falstaff was borne in the buck-basket; partly Norwegian, with its great shielving eaves, and partly of the bizarre, yet picturesque, appearance of a Japanese joss-house. Its of three stories, the basement being devoted to scientific flotsam and jetsam, the centre floor to the purposes of researches in natural history, and the top to odds and ends.

With the centre apartment we have to deal. A bright, particularly bright, cheery room, lighted a *outrance*—no cross-lights though—and lined with stained common pine. It is forty-five feet long by twenty-five wide and eighteen feet high. The floor is covered with oilcloth. Are you in a drug-store? No. Are you in a museum? No. Are you in a liquor manufactory? No. Tables with slate slabs stand in the centre of the room—these for the purposes of dissection. Tables with tiles of many colors—these

to represent the bed of the ocean at various depths. Tables are placed opposite the six windows, tiled in black and white. Microscopes of any known power are pointed like scientific ordnance ready to go off upon slightest notice. Immense glass bowls, such as were used for punch-making when the Monks of the Screw held their ungodly revels at Medmenham Priory, crystallize every available corner. Sponges fit for the matutinal tub of a Titan lie scattered about. Flat glass dishes, containing animated jams and quivering jellies, are thick as leaves in Vallambrosa; cases of scientific instruments, reminding one of that chamber of horrors, the dentist's waiting-room; glass tubes, nets, paints, pencils, paper, books, pails, glorious bits of seaweed, strange skulls, and

other of the paraphernalia appertaining to the mysteries of the deep are here, there and everywhere—all for use, not one of them for show. A case of well-thumbed volumes is on the right hand, containing the best works on embryology, and on the comparative anatomy and physiology of the vertebrates, crustacea, etc., etc., while a black-board besprinkled in, to us, hieroglyphics, bespeaks a recent lecture on the subject of Cheilostomata.

We found Dr. Farlow, assistant professor of botany at Cambridge College; Mr. Faxon, one of the professors attached to the museum in the same institution; and two ladies, teachers in the Normal School at Boston, busily engaged, each at a different window, each with one eye to a microscope, each earnestly determining the natural history of some squirming denizen of the deep, or the arteries of the leaf of some sea-plant hitherto only known to horticulturists residing "full fathoms five" in ocean's marvelous depths.

Professor Agassiz does not have classes at this laboratory. All scientists are welcome to come and work within its sacred hall. The professors and students whom we encountered board at an adjoining house, repairing to the laboratory daily for the purposes of study.

"This is my holiday," said the professor. "I do no hard work here, and the specimens we obtain are in no way out of the common."

"What was the biggest prize you ever obtained during your researches?" we asked.

"Well, the best thing I ever got hold of was a sea-lily. Our great prizes are Crinoids, representing as they do groups that have almost died out."

"What is the greatest depth at which you have dredged, professor?"

"Last Winter, in the Gulf of Mexico, I brought up specimens at two thousand fathoms."

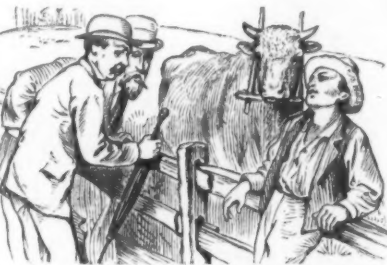
Here at Newport, the professor and such scientists as happen to be engaged in the laboratory, go out dredging or surface-fishing every night when not blowing too fresh. They take advantage of certain stages of the tide and locality. Evening is the best time for dredging, from half-past eight until nine o'clock. The launch is steered for "streaks of tide," and the amount of phosphorescence in the water tells those on board whether they are likely to make a good haul or the reverse. Each scientist is provided with a gauze net, which is lightly skimmed over the surface of the water and the contents turned over into a glass bowl or dish. When the launch returns, the whole party march up to the laboratory. Here the glass dishes and bowls are placed upon a glass table, beneath which two lamps burn brightly, revealing the contents of the vessels above. The party gather anxiously around to inspect the results of their dark night's work, and the volley of exclamations in a language only known to a select few would astonish the shade of that illustrious polyglot institution, Cardinal Mezzofanti himself. The limits of our space will not permit our indulging in descriptions of myxogons (myxogonids and cyclostomes), fishes proper, ganoids, selachins, *et hoc genus omne*; suffice it to say that when the Professor or a student perceives a specimen that either he or she may be in search of, the luckless captive is instantly hunted into a corner by means of a glass tube, and when fairly cornered, sucked up through the crystal tunnel to its doom. It is a weird sight to behold these "toilers of the deep" bending over the flashing glass bowls, the outer darkness seeming to pick each face out as though gazing down into the depths of a crater.

Professor Agassiz is very proud of the construction of his laboratory, especially as regards the placing of the tables each upon a distinct pillar, while the floor is supported on spiral uprights. This enables the investigator to examine his specimens without fear of that tremulous movement caused by persons crossing and recrossing the floor, and all experiments conducted in the laboratory are utterly free from the effects of oscillation.

The dredge is three feet by two; the frame is of iron, with scythe-like blades, the outer covering of canvas, a net inside the bag. We can imagine nothing more perfect than Professor Agassiz's workshop, and such a worker with such implements is bound to enlighten the common world *de die in diem*.

Le Gamin de Paris.

WHAT a strange, paradoxical being he is—he the original pure product of Parisian soil? In him the vices and virtues of Paris are epitomized and condensed into a meagre, lithe little body, clad in patched and worn garments, from which shine eyes which express the sensation of the moment in their merry, mischievous and impudent twinkle. Though the principal trait of the gamin is a love of fun, he is also capable of charity, attachment and self-denial; he is as ready to protect as to tease his weaker brothers, and frequently these poor little wails of the street, in whom destitution would seem to have reached its last limit, befriending each other out of their scanty store. The gamin is easily inflamed



"WHY, HE'S AS GENTLE AS A BABY."



THEY TURNED LIKE SHEEP TO LOOK AT US.



THE DEPOT AT COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.

for the idea of fraternity, liberty and equality, and in more than one revolutionary scene his little bleeding body has helped to swell the ghastly heaps behind the barricades. Whenever the gamin succeeds in scraping together a few sous by performing some little job on the street, he forthwith invests them in an amphitheatre ticket to some theatre. His particular delight is the melodrama, where from his lofty perch he follows the machinations of the red-handed villain, and rejoices at the final triumph of oppressed virtue. After the melodrama, his best love is the broad farce, or vaudeville, in which he is sometimes gratified to observe a personification of himself. He is of a critical turn of mind, and is apt to accompany the performance with comments of a laudatory or disapproving nature, and takes particular pains to make them audible all over the house. Between the acts he amuses himself by munching oranges, and dropping the pieces of peel into the pit; the same fate overtakes the programme, which he tears into little bits and sends out as impromptu butterflies. When the theatre is over, he goes out into the street with his companions, and proudly smokes the succulent cigars which he never fails to find on the boulevards, and then sleeps the sleep of the just in some friendly park. His power of repartee amounts to genius, and his aptness borders on the fabulous.

THE BURIED BUNGALOW.

"WHAT can this mean?" asked I, reining up my horse close to the dense milk-thorn hedge that shut in Mr. Warren's pretty house, and its garden gay with flowers, from the tea plantations, the green valley, the upland pastures and the dazzling peaks of the Himalayas soaring overhead. There, on a fragment of rock, stood the well-known tall form of the planter himself, angrily confronting a motly mob of natives, some tawny, others yellow-skinned, and a few nearly black. These, although they had flung aside bow and arrow, I knew to be the coolies employed at the prosperous hill station, where such a scene of confusion had been hitherto unknown.

"The scoundrels are going to leave me, that's all!" said Mr. Warren, curtly; and at that instant there stepped forward in advance of the rest a gaunt Tibetan, clad in sheepskins, who ceremoniously and with perfect gravity placed on the ground a fragment of wheaten cake, a handful of salt, and a *loti* or brass drinking-cup nearly filled with coins, from silver rupees to copper pie. Then pointing with a peeled willow wand that he held in his hand to the food and the money thrice, he snapped in twain the slender stick, and, with bent head and downcast mien, stood motionless, as though waiting to be questioned.

"What mummery is this?" asked I, in an undertone. My intended father-in-law, who knew the people in the country better than I did, shook his head.

"It means mischief," he whispered. "Something has terrified the superstitious cubs, and see! they renounce my bread and salt, return the advance of wages, and break the wand, in token that they are my men no more. You mean," he added, harshly, in the Bengali dialect, "to desert me, then, Han Gorain?"

"The Sahib Warren is a good master," replied the Tibetan, in the same language. "If we go, it is because the evil eye has looked upon his threshold, and the voice that never lies has laid a curse on Yirmi Sou and all that dwell there."

The man spoke slowly and with some difficulty, such as besets those who use a foreign tongue imperfectly mastered; but he had uttered his brief speech with emphasis, and with a certain dignity of bearing. Behind him stood the Tibetans and hill-men, sturdy fellows on whom devolved the rough work of trenching and dyke-building, while a little way off clustered the dusky coolies from India proper, their lips tightened over their shining teeth, and in attitudes expressive of the most abject servility. Clearly there was no stimulus short of physical fear which would have nerved these crouching creatures to disobey the Burra Sahib, or owner of the plantation, whose lightest word had been law to his meek subordinates.

"If the Sahib will hearken to the counsel of the poor," said the spokesman after a pause, "he and his will hasten away, before—"

But here Mr. Warren lost patience, and interrupted the orator, roundly rebuking the whole gang as a pack of craven hounds, frightened at their own shadows, and without a spark of manliness to redeem them. Were it worth while, he said, he could gallop over to the nearest magistrate and enforce the performance of the contract under pain of flogging and imprisonment; but he wanted no half-hearts in his service, so they might go. "You hear me?" he thundered, silencing Han Gorain's fresh effort to speak; and the men slunk away, cowed, as Orientals usually are, by this undoubted assertion of authority.

The planter recovered his temper as soon as the recusants had departed, and laid his broad hand on my shoulder, saying, with a jolly laugh, "A lesson, George, my boy, as to the thorns that will lie in your path when you and Edith live here in my stead, as I hope you'll do, after the gathering in of the next tea crop, and set-to to feather your nest, as her mother and I have done. I thought better things, too, of the overseer—that Han Gorain, who, before some heathen bogie scared him, was a shrewd and reliable servant. But, never mind! Come in, Musgrave, come in! The passion from Nynee Tal is here already, and you must help the bride expectant to entertain him until dinner-time."

Pretty Edith, who was on the morrow to become my wife, smiled away any uncomfortable feelings which the conduct of Han Gorain and his companions had left behind; and neither she nor her parents, nor Mr. Edwards, the clergyman, who had come over expressly to perform the marriage ceremony, seemed to attach any importance to the panic among the coolies.

"It was something," explained Mr. Warren, "about Alph Dugh, the Big Mountain at the foot of which we live, but I have been a planter here too long to care for the tattle of coolies. They are like children who talk of the nursery ghost until they see it in every dark corner. A delightful life I should have led here, had I been credulous."

And with that he dismissed the subject, and

the evening passed genially enough. Later on, however, after the whispered farewell to my sweet Edith in the porch, draped with the glistening leaves and big white blossoms of the Indian creeper, after the ride home to my own dwelling among the hills, and when my head rested on its pillow, a vague sense of insecurity beset me afresh; and even when I fell asleep my dreams were troubled and sad, not such as should visit the slumbers of one on whom the world smiled as it did on me, George Musgrave. The dawning of the new day—my wedding-day—however, chased away the clouds from my mind, and when I mounted my horse to ride to Yirmi Sou, attired as a bridegroom should be, my heart was light and full of happy hope. Edith loved me better than I deserved, I knew that; and it was her father's intention to establish the young couple on his own fine plantation, while he and Mrs. Warren returned to England to enjoy their well-earned competency.

The day was fine—no rarity in the East—but a sort of silvery haze hung over the peaks northwards, and there were frequent gusts of ice-cold wind rushing down from gap and pass in the rocky range that forms the boundary of India. I rode on, and presently, from an angle in the mountain road, I caught a glimpse of the "Twenty Springs," as Mr. Warren's thriving station was called, with its gardens and meadows, and the now deserted plantation, and the empty huts of the coolies. Then I turned the corner and saw it no more, but even as it vanished from my eyes I heard a strange, deep sound like that of distant thunder, the nature of which I could not divine. My horse suddenly snorted and reared, and then stood trembling, and could scarcely be urged forward. While I was in the act of stooping forward to pat the Arab's glossy neck, speaking soothingly to him while he broke upon my ear a sullen roar, louder, nearer, at each instant, and culminating in a crash so dreadful that the simultaneous discharge of a thousand cannon would have seemed puny when compared with it.

Deafened, dizzy, and confused, I dismounted from my frightened horse, now wholly unmanageable, and hurried on foot to a spot whence, as I remembered, Edith's home was in sight. The air was thick with dust and withered leaves, but as the prospect grew clearer I could see no trace of the bungalow, of its homestead and gardens, or of the thriving tea plantations and verdant meadows around it. Vainly did I strain my eyes to catch one well known feature of the familiar scene. Nothing was visible save a dreary waste of stones, mud, and rocks, filling up half the valley, and above which hung a cloud of tawny dust that was slowly subsiding.

As I stood stupidly gazing on the scene of ruin, I caught sight of a man, bareheaded, and with a scared white face. I knew him. It was the young clergyman who had come over from Nynee Tal to perform the marriage ceremony between Edith and me.

"Mr. Edwards?" I said, inquiringly, as I neared him.

He caught my hand, covered his face, and burst into tears. Then for the first time I realized what fear was.

"For pity's sake, tell me all!" cried I hoarsely.

"Is Miss Warren—is Edith safe? What has—"

"Of all beneath that roof—the roof of Mr. Warren's hospitable house—I alone am spared," answered the clergyman in broken accents. "Death, the grim mower, has garnered in his harvest there."

The cause of the disaster was too evident. A stone avalanche, or *moraine* as it is called in Switzerland, had rushed down from the unscalped heights of the huge mountain towering above Yirmi Sou, and had overwhelmed all beneath it. "I caught a glimpse of Miss Warren in the garden, as the stony flood burst upon us with its deafening roar," said the clergyman as he grew calmer; "it may be that God's mercy has spared her life, too."

And indeed I have much to be thankful for, since my dear Edith was found, fainting but unhurt, at the foot of a tall cedar, the only tree left standing, wedged in between fallen rocks. But the other inmates of the house had perished, nor were their bodies ever extricated from the mighty mausoleum which nature's own hand had piled above them. Edith and I have been married these five years, but our home is in England, not in India; and sometimes, when I see a shadow come across my wife's fair face, I know that she is thinking of those who sleep below the cruel stones at Yirmi Sou.

How Prizes are Awarded at Paris.

A FRENCH juror in the artistic bronzes department of the Paris Exposition tells this story: A young woman came to my house a few weeks ago. She was shown into the room in which I was breakfasting, and was holding a nice-looking child by each hand. A *bonne* followed, carrying a bundle of commercial books. The lady, when she went to state her case, burst into tears. It was embarrassing to me, but I encouraged her to proceed, and beckoned to the servant to go into the ante-room. My weeping visitor said to me:

"I am doing a very extraordinary thing, but I cannot help it. My necessity must be my excuse." I bowed. She then proceeded to tell me that she was the wife of T. M., whose bronzes I must have seen and admired in the Exhibition. I confessed to having thought them admirable.

"Well," she went on, still in tears, "please look into those account-books and see what tremendous sacrifices we have made to appear well at the Exhibition, and how near we are to ruin. Nothing but a medal can save us."

I was *attracted*, I confess, and promised to give her husband the preference. Why should I not? He is abreast with the greatest houses in Paris. It is better to preserve a drowning man than to hand another from a good boat into luxurious barge.

The Cost of British Sport.

THE prices paid for deer-forests this year in England are enormous. The highest is probably Glenstrathfar, Invernesshire, the property of Lord Lovat, and let to Mr. Winans, an American, at an annual rental of something like £7,000, to which must be added the cost of gillies, bill ponies, etc. Next, probably, comes the Blackmount, in Argyleshire,

the property of the Earl of Breadalbane, and let to Lord Dudley at a rent of £4,500 a year. Lord Zetland pays £3,000 a year for the forest of Ben Alder, the property of Sir John Ramsden; Sir Curtis Lampson £2,500 a year for Rothiemurchus, belonging to Sir J. P. Grant; Lord Stamford £1,800 for Abernethy; Mr. Meux £2,000 for Cannacro, Glenmorriston; Mr. Bass, M. P., £1,800 for Glenquoich; Mr. Hargreaves £1,500 for Gaick; Lord Holmesdale £1,800 for Kinveachy; Mr. Godman £1,000 for Invershire; Sir C. Mordaunt, it is said, £3,000 for Glenfeshie, and Mr. Thistlethwayte £1,750 for Kinlock, all in Invernesshire, in which county alone very nearly £100,000 is paid every year for sport. The rent of a good grouse-moor ranges between £500 and £700 a year. Invernesshire, Perthshire, Aberdeenshire and Argyleshire are the best counties, though there are several fair shootings to be got further south at a moderate rent.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Oldham, the geologist, recently dead, showed from marine deposits that Ireland was once 1,000 feet under the sea.

The Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich has just elected to membership Professor Krehl, of Leipzig, and Mr. Charles Darwin.

Several German Scientific Men attended the recent meeting in Paris of the French Association for the Advancement of Science. This is the first time this has occurred since the war.

Professor Collier, chemist of the Agricultural Department at Washington, is engaged in some very important experiments to show whether or not sugar can be made from common corn-stalks.

The French Balloon Service has not been disorganized by the resignation of Colonel Laussedat. The new head of the service is General Farr, who distinguished himself in the last Franco-German War in the northern part of France.

Zoologists will be glad to know that the "Rules for Zoological Nomenclature," drawn up by the late H. E. Strickland, F. R. S., at the instance of the British Association, have been reprinted. The "Notes" were prepared after consultation with many zoologists, British and foreign.

Professor Reuleaux has drawn attention, in a lecture delivered at Leipzig, to the paper employed in public offices. He states that it consists almost entirely of wood, and that in the course of ten or fifteen years we may anticipate the destruction from natural causes of important official records written upon such paper.

Professor Mendeleeff is to be absent from his post in the St. Petersburg University for a year, for the purpose of visiting Western Europe, where he will devote his time to the preparation of a large work on aeronautics. The work will contain a historical sketch of the subject, and expound its present condition from a scientific point of view.

Measures are being taken for the foundation of a geological institute at St. Petersburg, which shall accomplish for the Russian empire what the Imperial Institute at Vienna has done for Austria. At present geological work is attempted only at the instigation of mining companies and the learned societies, and the want of unity in the efforts made for the development of Russian geology has long been painfully felt.

The Meteorological Commission of Vaucluse again this year ascended Mont Ventoux. M. Mascart, the new director of the Meteorological Central Bureau, was one of the party, having come from Paris for that purpose. The principal object of this scientific excursion was to determine the best manner of erecting the contemplated observatory at the top of this mountain, which is 1,919 meters above the level of the sea, and 1,692 above Apt, the nearest meteorological station.

Poisonous Properties of Carbonic Oxide.—There is a warm discussion now going on in scientific journals in reference to the toxic effects of carbonic oxide gas, owing to the fact that the illuminating gas made from water and petroleum residues contains an unusually large percentage of the noxious gas. Mr. Grehan, Assistant Naturalist to the Museum of the French Academy, contributes a paper upon this topic which is attracting some notice. He has repeated the experiments of M. Felix Leblanc and confirms the conclusions arrived at by this savant, that carbonic oxide acts on the blood corpuscles to paralyze their faculty of absorbing oxygen. An animal plunged for a half-hour in an atmosphere containing 1-779 part of carbonic oxide will have, according to the author, the half of its blood corpuscles killed by the gas. This confirms the statements of previous writers on the subject, and forces the conclusion that carbonic oxide merits classification as one of the most dangerous poisons. All illuminating gas contains more or less of it, and hence the necessity of avoiding leakage as much as possible.

Eucalyptus Timber.—The value of the eucalyptus tree for the timber it produces seems worthy of attention, as well as the other desirable qualities it possesses. When freshly cut, the wood is soft, but so full is it of a resinous gum that it soon hardens, and becomes well-nigh imperishable. For ships and docks and jetties it is invaluable. The *torredo navalis*, or ship worm, lets it alone. It is also proof against that awful scourge the termites or white ant. Hence, in India, eucalyptus wood is used for the sleepers of the railroads, where it defies the insects and the climate. The shipbuilder, wheelwright, carpenter, coachmaker and cabinetmaker can all use this wood. The eucalyptus readily sheds their bark, as a rule, and in such immense pieces can this be detached that the natives make a rude tent of a single piece. The bark of several species is serviceable for paper-making. The Australian gums exceed in magnitude the timber afforded by any other kind of tree. A plank sent from Victoria and intended for the London Exhibition was 223 feet long, 2 feet 6 inches wide, and three inches thick, and sold for \$500. The timber burns with difficulty, and hence is well adapted for shingles.

An Antidote for Mercury with Lead Poisoning.—A reward of 10,000 francs (\$2,000) was offered in Belgium by Dr. Guinard for the best contribution towards the intellectual or material improvement of the working classes. This has just been conferred upon M. Melsens for discovering a remedy for the poisonous effects produced by mercury and lead on workmen who have to do with these metals. The remedy which M. Melsens demonstrates to be efficacious in curing chronic cases of such poisoning where the substance has accumulated in the system and for preventing the poisoning from these sources, is the iodide of potassium. Melsens claims that this agent, although generally considered dangerous, is quite inoffensive if perfectly pure and prudently administered first in small doses, which may be gradually increased. The effects of the iodide on persons suffering from mercury or lead poisoning is to bring about the formation of a soluble salt which will be eliminated by the secretions of the body. The sulphate and carbonate of lead, although but very slightly soluble in water, are nevertheless poisonous, as are all the other insoluble compounds of lead. All these bodies are eliminated by the iodide of potassium, when the latter is administered in suitable doses.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

BISMARCK's official salaries amount to 99,000 marks, nearly \$25,000.

THE Duchess of Edinburgh's girl-baby is Queen Victoria's twenty-sixth grandchild.

THE English Court has gone into mourning for three weeks for the death of Queen Christina of Spain.

THE Sultan has sent to Queen Victoria a richly-bound album, containing his own portrait and those of the imperial family.

JUDON EAST, the Greenbackers' candidate for Governor of Tennessee, was private secretary of Andrew Johnson when he was President.

JUDGE GEO. F. MOORE has been commissioned Chief Justice of Texas, vice Judge Roberts, Democratic candidate for Governor, resigned.

A RECEPTION given in the Palace Hotel at San Francisco a few evenings ago to Postmaster-General Key was attended by six thousand people.

THE new Earl of Leitrim, with his countess, lately visited his estates, and was received with a great display of enthusiasm by the tenantry.

THE Duke of Edinburgh has bought up all the old pottery and glass he could discover in the island of Cyprus, being aided by the British Consul.

DR. SCHLIEMANN has constant good fortune. He is said to have obtained permission from the Greek Government to begin excavating at Ithaca.

M. JACOTIN, the French Senator and Judge, caught cheating at cards, has resigned both of his dignities and will be expelled from the Legion of Honor.

GARCIN DE TASSY, who succeeded Talleyrand in 1838 as a member of the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, died recently in Paris at the age of eighty-four.

CAPTAIN DAVIS, of the Internal Revenue Service, has raised a force of one hundred men in Lincoln County, Tenn., for the purpose of prosecuting the moonshiners.

REPRESENTATIVE Alexander H. Stephens, who has been reported dangerously ill, has improved somewhat since the announcement that he had suffered from bleeding of the lungs.

PRINCE RUDOLF, the heir-apparent to the Imperial throne of Austria, has gone to Teplitz to ask the Emperor William for permission to pay his addresses to Princess Victoria of Baden.

DIO LEWIS, after three years in California, took part in a discussion of the Chinese question in Boston, and claimed that the Chinese are physically, morally and mentally superior to any other people.

IT is no longer a secret that the son of the Grand Duke Constantine (Chief Admiral of the Fleet) has been disgraced by the Czar for curious transactions in connection with the supplies to the Imperial Navy.

COUNT VON ARNIM, formerly German Ambassador to Paris, and the man who had the famous row with Bismarck, is settling in Austria. He has purchased an immense property there, and this making him eligible, he proposes to run for Parliament.

THE royal family of Italy is looking forward to the birth of a Prince. Should this happy event take place, the title of Prince of Milan would be conferred on him as a mark of the King's recognition of the eminently kind reception his Majesty met with in that city.

VICTORIA is reported to have said not long ago, when she had given an order to one of her domestics: "I am Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, but I have not power enough to make one of my servants put coals on the fire if she has been hired to look after the bed-chambers."

THE Khedive is putting his reforms into practical shape, even in matters personal to his household. His youngest son, Prince Ibrahim Hilay, who made so favorable an impression in English society this year, is about to retire to Woolwich, and live in the plain unaffected style of an English gentleman. Most of the suite are returning to Egypt.

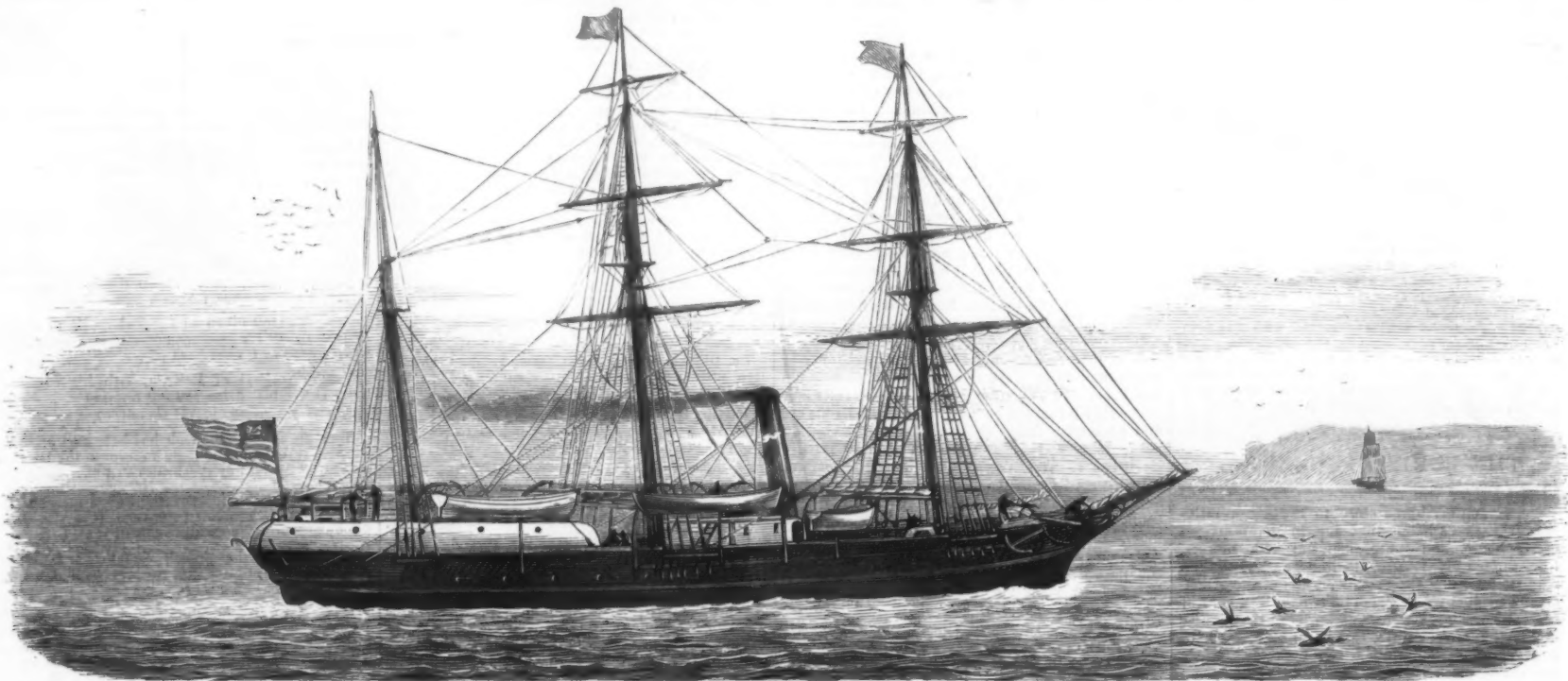
PRINCE HENRY OF NETHERLANDS is described by a German paper as one of the richest princes in the world. He is said to derive a royal income from a silver mine in this country, to own a large quantity of public securities of various nations, and to hold ninety-nine "properties" in Holland, the King alone being permitted to have one hundred.

THE Spanish Cabinet is said to be discussing a second marriage for King Alfonso. The Princess Christine, youngest sister of the late Queen, and the English Princess Beatrice are the women under consideration. The latter is a few years older than the King, but an alliance with the British royal family is considered advantageous. In respect to Christine, the King has, since boyhood, shown her great regard. She is only sixteen.

GENERAL CHANZY, Governor of Algeria, has been presented with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, which, now that vacant marshalships are not filled up, is the highest honor he could receive. The decree mentions as his qualifications that he became grand officer of the order on the 2d of December, 1870, was awarded the military medal on the 13th of February, 1872, has had thirty-seven years of service, and seen thirty-five campaigns.

THEODORE BARRIÈRE, the dramatist, was born in 1823, and had no sooner entered the world than he was attacked by brain fever, measles and a cold on the chest. In his boyhood he played truant to share his breakfast with a blind man's dog. Refused the privilege of becoming an actor, he determined to become a priest, but was expelled from college for throwing an inkstand at the head of a professor. He was then apprenticed to a blindmaker, but was discharged for falling from a scaffold through a very valuable blind, and text found himself in the War Office. After this varied experience he turned playwright.

THE Very Rev. Dean of Westminster, better known as Dean Stanley, has arrived in Boston from London. The distinguished gentleman is well known on both sides of the Atlantic, and in England has won a high position, not only by his literary talent but by his consistent advocacy of liberal measures within the church he so ably represents, and in the outside world. He has held some of the highest positions in the educational world, having been Regius professor of ecclesiastical history at Oxford for several years. His "Memorials of Westminster Abbey" is one of the best works written on the venerable pile of which he is the liberal custodian, and his "History of the Eastern Church" is a valuable and interesting volume. Numerous other works have added to his fame as a writer, but he is better known as a man of broad and liberal views, and is very popular in England. He belongs to the "Broad" party in the Church of England, and many of his ideas are similar to those which are held and advanced by Unitarians and other liberals here.



THE "JEANNETTE," LATE "PANDORA," THE YACHT NOW BEING FITTED OUT FOR POLAR EXPLORATION BY MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT.—SEE PAGE 78.

REV. J. J. KEANE, BISHOP OF RICHMOND, VA.

THE Rev. John J. Keane, of Washington, D. C., who was consecrated Bishop of the Diocese of Richmond and Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina, at Richmond, Va., on Sunday, August 25th, was born in Ballyshannon, County



RIGHT REV. JOHN J. KEANE, BISHOP OF RICHMOND, AND VICAR APOSTOLIC OF NORTH CAROLINA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. B. BRADY.

Donegal, Ireland, September 12th, 1839. In 1847 his father brought the family to America, and, after residing some eighteen months in St. John, New Brunswick, came to the United States and settled in Baltimore. Receiving a

thorough English education during seven years' training at Calvert Hall, under the care of the Christian Brothers, John Keane's first ambition was to become a merchant. He entered a publishing house in Baltimore, and went thence into a drygoods establishment, where he remained two years. Father Foley (now Bishop of Chicago) advised young Keane to renounce the world and give himself unreservedly to God's service. In accordance with the advice of his spiritual director, John Keane obtained admission into St. Charles College, in the twentieth year of his age. There was at this time in Baltimore a young physician of good family and of growing fame. Father Foley told him, too, to study for the Church, regardless of his family's opposition. He did so, and was nominated Bishop with Keane in the same consistory. His name was Silas Chatard, and he is now the Bishop of Indianapolis. After a successful course of three years at St. Charles College, Keane graduated with first honors, and entered St. Mary's Seminary in 1862. Having completed the regular course of moral and dogmatic theology, sacred eloquence, etc., he was ordained by Archbishop Spaulding on the 2d of July, 1866. After his ordination he was assigned to St. Patrick's Church, at Washington, D. C., as assistant to Rev. Jacob A. Walter, and continued there uninterruptedly till his nomination to the See of Richmond, Va. When Keane entered St. Mary's his rival in philosophical and theological studies was a young man from Virginia named Kain (now Bishop of Western Virginia). When Keane was consecrated, Bishop Kain united with Bishop Foley and Archbishop Gibbons to impose hands upon the young prelate. Now the two rivals rule the two divisions of Virginia, after having once ruled the schools. When Rev. D. J. O'Connell, D.D., of the Cathedral, Richmond, was traveling with the Apostolic Delegate, Dr. Conroy, now deceased, speaking of Father Keane, remarked: "He is eloquent." Dr. Conroy answered: "He is more. I heard him preach in Baltimore, and said he should be a bishop." Some religious papers have represented Bishop Keane as an advocate of Gregorian music in the Catholic churches. He denies it explicitly, and says his address before the St. Cecilia Society, in Baltimore, on which they base their assertion, contains nothing to support it.

Bishop Keane is somewhat above the average height. His forehead is broad and high, his nose aquiline, his mouth and chin rather small and delicate, while his voice, particularly in chanting, is rich, full, and really magnificent. Bishop Keane has had a magnificent chalice sent to him by Madame de Freyere, the widow of the late Peruvian Minister. It is of solid

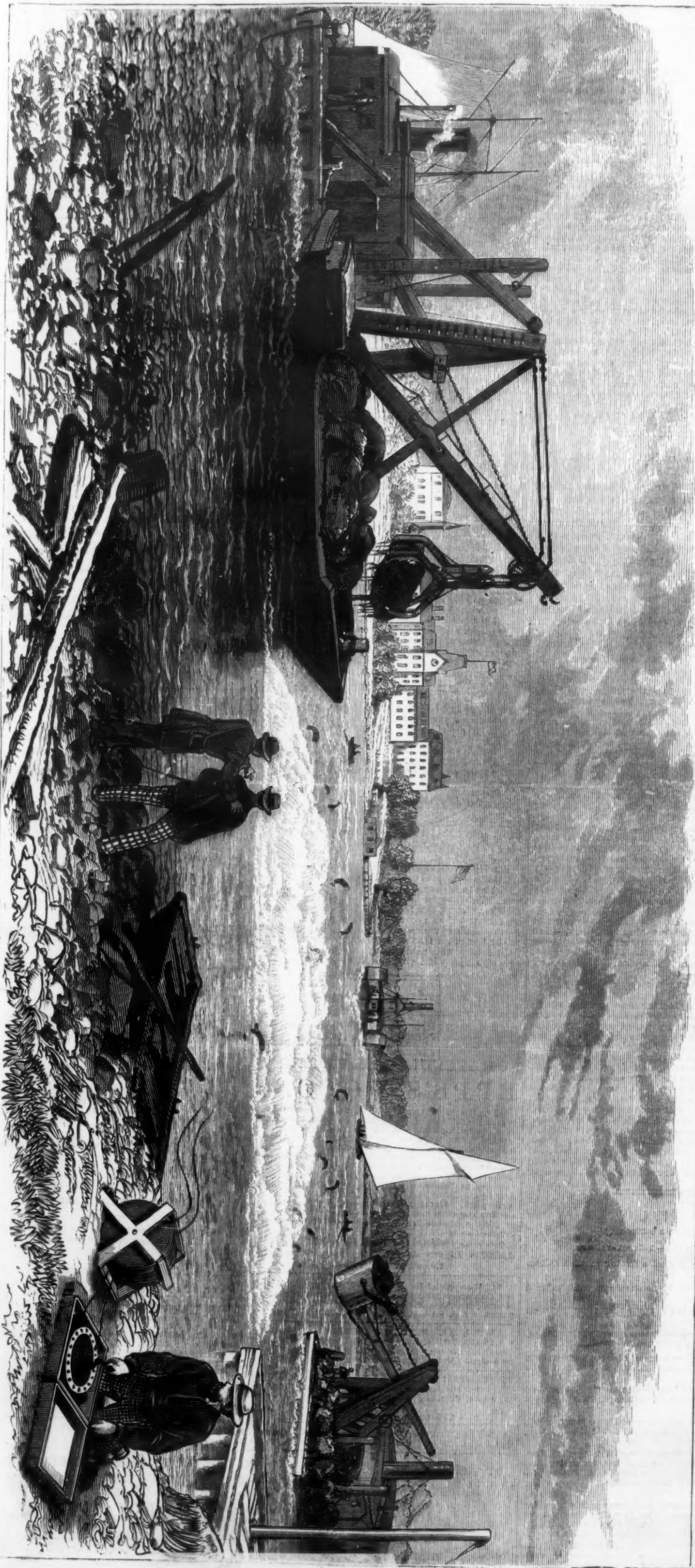
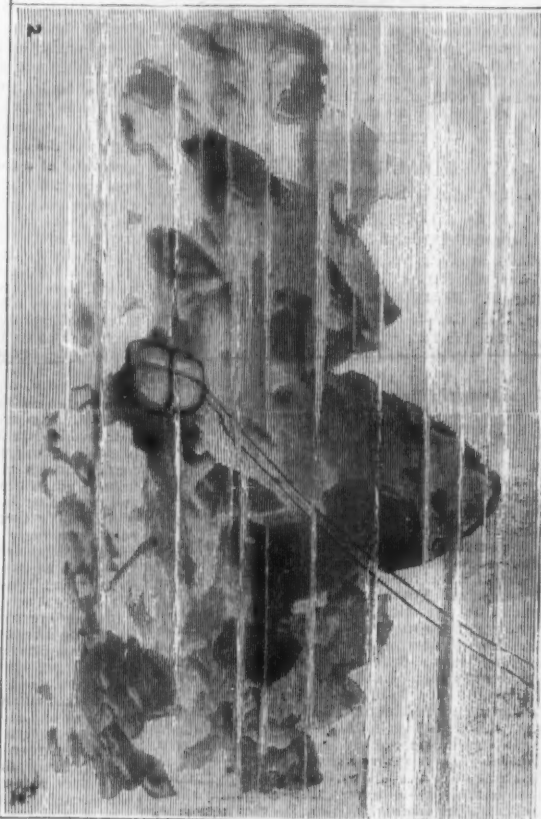
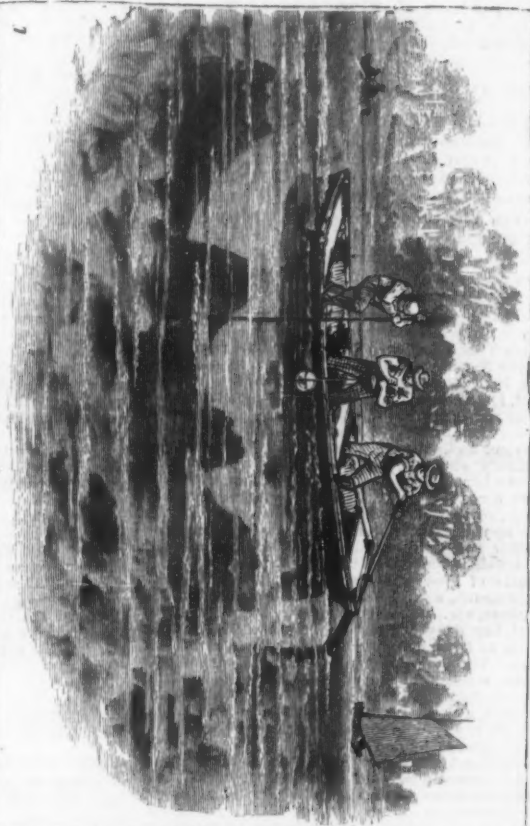


CARDINAL LORENZO NINA, THE NEW PONTIFICAL SECRETARY OF STATE. SEE PAGE 78.

gold, about sixteen inches in height, has three groups of figures in bas-relief, representing the carrying of the Cross, the resurrection, and the lying in the sepulchre. There is also a cross made of rubies, in the centre of which there



NEW YORK CITY.—THE GRAND DINING SALOON OF EVERETT'S HOTEL, EXTENDING FROM BARCLAY TO VESSEY STREETS.—SEE PAGE 78.



1. Sounding for Loose Rock.

2. A Charge of Nitro-glycerine in Position for a Blast.

3. Catching Fish Stunned by an Explosion.

NEW YORK.—REMOVING THE DEBRIS AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF THE MINE AT HELL GATE.—SEE PAGE 78.

4. Discharging a Can of Nitro-glycerine by Electricity.

is a large solitaire. On the base it bears the following inscription: Presented by Madame de Freyere to the Right Rev. John J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, Va.

THE AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, the energetic proprietor of the New York Herald, having, by a liberal expenditure of capital, and the indomitable perseverance of Mr. H. M. Stanley, succeeded in opening out the hitherto unexplored portion of the African continent, has now turned his attention from tropical to Arctic exploration, and is organizing an expedition, entirely at his own cost, which is to make yet another attempt to reach the North Pole. For this purpose he has purchased the well-known English Arctic yacht *Pandora*, which, under the command of Captain Allen Young, has already achieved important work in the North Polar regions. The *Pandora*, which has been rechristened the *Jeannette* by Mr. Bennett, in honor of his sister, is a screw steamer of some 250 tons burden, and is fitted with engines of 80-horse power. She is specially built for Arctic service, and, in addition to a hull of more than ordinary strength, is sheathed from eight feet above her keel to two feet above her water-line with a coating of American elm some three inches thick, so that her resistance to the nipping of the ice may be rendered as great as possible. The rudder can be dismantled and replaced in case of accident, and she is fitted with a perfect magazine of appliances and instruments for Arctic exploration, such as sledges, ice-saws, tents, ice-anchors, etc., while she carries about 164 tons of coal, her daily consumption, when steaming four knots an hour, being reckoned at three and a half tons. The hull, for greater safety, is divided into three water-tight compartments, and, since the 1st of April, has been under the hands of shipwrights, and has been thoroughly and completely repaired, any injured wood-work being removed and replaced by new. In the stern, also, a comfortable cabin has been formed for the officers.

At present it is understood that Mr. Bennett will send the *Jeannette* northward by way of Behring's Strait while his other yacht, the famous *Danvers*, will be dispatched in an attempt to reach the North Pole by way of Spitzbergen. The Behring's Strait has been principally explored by Russian expeditions, including those of Anjou and of Wrangell, in 1821; but, in 1849, Kellett discovered "Kellett Land" and "Herald Island," since which time no expedition has attempted this route, now to be explored by the *Jeannette*.

CARDINAL LORENZO NINA, PONTIFICAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

CARDINAL LORENZO NINA, who has been created Cardinal Secretary of State by His Holiness Leo XIII., is one of the Diocesan Cardinals, as was the former Secretary of State, Cardinal Antonelli. He was born in Recanati on the 12th of May, 1812. He was created and published Cardinal Deacon on the 12th of March, 1877, by His Holiness Pius IX. His title was that of Saint Angelo in Pescheria. He was Prefetto della Economia of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda Fide, and the President of the Camori degli Stogli, and pro-Prefect of the Congregation of Studies. He was a member of the Congregations of the Inquisition, of the Regular Clergy, of the Propaganda for Affairs of the Oriental Rite, of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. He is but two years the junior of Pope Leo XIII., and of His Eminence Cardinal Archbishop McCloskey.

On assuming the duties of his office, Cardinal Nina addressed a circular to the Papal Nuncios announcing that he will follow the policy pursued by the late Cardinal Franchi, and recommending the Nuncios to act with great prudence and avoid creating unnecessary embarrassments for the Holy See. He instructs them to assure the Powers that the Holy See will endeavor to maintain with them relations of sincere friendship. It was with Cardinal Nina's assistance that Cardinal Franchi formulated the demands which formed the basis of the pending negotiations between Monsignor Masella, the Papal Nuncio and Prince Bismarck, at Kissenegg. It was also in accordance with the advice of Cardinal Nina that Pope Pius IX. was finally induced to consent to the bishops asking their *ezequators* from the Italian Government. There is every reason for concluding that Pope Leo has made the best choice, and that the result of the Cardinal's appointment will be satisfactory.

DINING SALOON OF EVERETT'S HOTEL.

THE Everett hotel, of which we illustrate this week the grand dining room, is one of the "institutions" of New York. Founded eleven years ago by Mr. S. H. Everett, at the right time, and in the right place, just opposite the great Washington Market, it has steadily enlarged its bounds, until now it fills four large buildings, and touches in its limits four of the principal streets of the city. An extension has just been completed which brings the number of rooms for guests to two hundred, and adds a spacious and beautiful dining-room fronting on Barclay Street. The ladies' dining room, a spacious apartment, has been redecorated and adorned with fountains, which give beauty and comfort to the entire place. The house has been a popular one with its patrons from the start, and some idea of its immense business may be gathered from the fact that between six and seven thousand persons are fed daily at its tables, and that it never closes. All day and all night its tables and kitchens are ready on call, and at no time during the twenty-four hours are its dining-rooms deserted. The amount of raw material required to feed this army of patrons is interesting, and indicates that there is no immediate danger of famine in the land. Some of the principal items of daily consumption in this mammoth establishment are as follows: Beef, 1,300 pounds; veal, 400 pounds; poultry, 300 pounds; fish, 175 pounds; eggs, 1,800; milk, 1,000 quarts; ice, four tons; and of coffee 125 pounds. One hundred and twenty barrels of flour, and half as many of sugar, and three tons of butter, are disposed of every month, and all other supplies are laid in on the same generous scale. On the daily bill of fare over 400 dishes are offered. As might be expected, with the largest market in the country at its very doors, all these articles are the freshest and best, while all the milk, and much of the vegetable supply comes from the Everett farm of five hundred acres at Brewster's, in Putnam County, on which is the finest barn in the State. In the selection of fluid supplies, the greatest care is taken, only the purest and finest wines and liquors being purchased. In the staple article of whisky, for instance, one single consignment of twenty-five

barrels of the famous C. M. Bomeisler's "Monongahela Monogram" was stored in the Everett cellars the other day, and will, in due time, find its way to the willing and critical stomachs of their patrons. The daily consumption of cigars averages one thousand, and one hundred employees are constantly on duty in the various departments of the hotel. The present sole proprietor of the Everett is Mr. S. H. Everett, who, in a single small room, began the enterprise in 1867, and he is ably assisted by his nephew, J. Everett Scott, who has grown up with the business as general superintendent. From 1873 to May 1st, 1878, Mr. C. E. Everett was associated as partner in the business, but upon the latter date he retired, and now superintends the Everett Valley View Farm at Brewster's. The extent of the business may be judged from the fact that Mr. C. E. Cole, the head cashier, requires the constant services of seven assistants. In front of the Everett, which is near the Hoboken Ferry and the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad depot, are the largest street-lamps in New York, containing eleven globes and thirty-three burners. The house is conducted upon the European plan, and upon the still better plan of giving every patron the worth of his money. Its rooms, which are furnished with every convenience, gas, hot and cold water, electric annunciator, etc., are but 75 cents per day, and other prices are in the same reasonable proportion. Altogether the Everett, in its great prosperity and substantial success, is a good example of what real merit, strict integrity and hard work will accomplish in New York.

The extension to the hotel, opened this Summer, was built by W. C. Miller, 145 Fifth Avenue; the plumbing done by Henry Ivers; the carpenter work by A. B. Campbell; the gas fixtures by Hicks & Smith; the marble work by Fisher & Bird, and the electric annunciators by E. Holmes. The furniture was supplied by George C. Flint & Co., and the carpets by A. T. Stewart & Co.

REMOVING THE DEBRIS FROM HELL GATE.

THE "great blast" being over it became necessary to look after the debris strewn the jagged bottom beneath the madly boiling waters at Hell Gate. Immense boulders lie sticking upwards like jagged and ragged teeth, ready to saw asunder the keel and ribs of any ill-fated vessel driven across their serrated edges by the fiercely flowing tide, and in the removal of these, a corps of skillful and trained men are engaged from "rozy morn to dewy eve." These men go forth in a sturdy flat-bottomed boat; one of them sculls, one has charge of the deadly nitro-glycerine, and one is in possession of a sounding-rod. The boat is shoved from shore, dexterously ferried through the eddying waters, soundings are carefully taken by means of the rod, and when a "grinder" is discovered the sander cries "Stop!" The powder-man then attaches a rope to the charge of nitro-glycerine, makes a loop around the sounding-pole, which the sander firmly imbeds in an interstice in the rock, and, with its two electric wires attached, the "buster" is lowered along the pole to the spot in which it is destined to play so sensational a part. The sander then draws up his pole, and the boat moves off. On shore a wily electrician watches the movements of the boating-party, and, on a given signal, unites the wires of an electric explosive machine to those on the reel. The frictional battery is set in motion, a dull thud is instantly heard, followed by an upheaval of seething waters, in the midst of whose creamy foam numbers of large fish are to be seen flung high in air, while a great lash as of a tidal wave sweeps along shore, laying the green sedges and bending them double, while leviathan scows rock luridly at their moorings, their rusty anchor chains creaking lustily the while. The fish thus cast as bread upon the waters, are eagerly seized upon, becoming an easy prey in consequence of the recent terrific shock.

At the present time General Newton is engaged in driving a tunnel 600 feet into Flood Rock, which also comprises all the small rocks known as the Middle Reef. He is fifty-six feet below water-mark, and "the work goes bravely on." Of necessity the tunnel requires to be large and wide for the purposes of the blast and removal of debris, while the operation is one involving no inconsiderable risk and danger. So far, the department has been happily exceptionally lucky, although two men have been recently badly injured by the treacherous caving-in of the rock in the mine. The frying Pan is to be the next victim to nitro-glycerine, to be followed by Pot Rock; then will Hell Gate no longer prove a source of terror to incoming and outgoing craft, while the lordly ocean steamer will save "many an anxious mile" by passing across this once notable and much to be dreaded spot. Steam dredges are steady at work receiving the debris of blasts, their leviathan crabs lifting blocks weighing tons with as much ease as a sparrow carries a grain of corn. The officials shake their heads when asked when the work will be completed; but with such a splendid record in the past, the public may cheerfully look forward to fruition in the near future.

FUN.

Who can understand a cornstalk?

Education in Cyprus—A Greek culture.

When is a man part of a fishing tackle? When he's aloft.

One small school boy sometimes constitutes a board of education.

When gamblers fail to agree they pour Hoyle on the troubled waters.

Self-help among tramps is one of their virtues, if there is anything lying around loose.

A mule will behave himself eleven years and six months just to get one off-hand shot at a middle shirt-stud.

"The fashionable lady is already thinking about her fall saque," says an exchange. This may be a fall-sack-utation.

"I find your recommendations very good, Bridget." "Yes, ma'am, and now I'll see yours, ma'am, if ye please."

A seaside belle from Chicago left her bathing-shoes hanging out of her hotel-window to dry, and the next day the local paper announced that such a hotel "had put up new awnings, of an unique design."

An American traveler in Galway saw a pig in a peasant's house, and he said: "Why do you have the pig in there?" "Shure," says he of Galway, "the house has all the conveniences that a reasonable pig requires."

"Why does lightning so rarely strike twice in the same place?" Professor Wortman asked the new boy in the class of natural philosophy. "Huh," said the new boy, "it never needs to." And it is a little singular that nobody had thought of that reason before.

When Kearney is President and Butler Secretary of State, every quart bottle will hold three pints, workmen will employ capitalists, each man, woman and child will have a bushel of money, two and two will be five, and water will run up-hill all over the country.

MOTHER (to sixteen-year-old daughter): "So you enjoyed your walk, Kate. Did you go all that distance alone?" Daughter: "Oh, yes, mamma, quite alone!" Objectionable Younger Brother: "Then how is it, Kit, that you took out an umbrella and brought home a walking-stick?"

"I NEVER knew whether to consider as a joke or a fact the story of the child who, being asked whether he had been baptized, said: 'Oh, yes, mamma, quite alone!'"

A RESIDENT who reached home by a noon train, after an absence of two weeks, was met at the station by his eight-year-old son, who loudly welcomed him. "And is everybody well, Willie?" asked the father. "The weldest kind," replied the boy. "And nothing has happened?" "Nothing at all. I've been good, Jeanie's all right, and I never saw ma behave herself as well as she has this time."

"We rather overreach you now in style," said Green to Pease. "We've got a colored servant, sir." By Jove! it's just the cheese! "Well, what is that to brag about?" Quoth Pease, the while he laughed, "There's scarcely any house but has an egress fore and aft."

POMPEII.

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FOR

OCTOBER.



RHODE ISLAND.—THE SUMMER RETREAT OF PROF. ALEXANDER AGASSIZ, AT CASTLE HILL, NEAR NEWPORT.—THE PROFESSOR AND FRIENDS EXAMINING SCIENTIFIC SPECIMENS IN THE MAIN HALL OF THE LABORATORY.
FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 71.

THAT DOG NEXT DOOR.

By R. J. DE CORDOVA.

CHAPTER I.—THE PERIOD.

GOLD was at a very high premium—higher than had ever been known before. Commodities of all kinds, foreign and domestic, but especially the foreign, were so dear that none but army contractors, horse contractors, mule contractors, tent contractors, steamship contractors and “ring” plunderers could afford to purchase anything. What with the unhappy and cruel Civil War, and the premium on gold, and the protectionist tariff, it was as much as any man's nerves were worth to venture to inquire the price of any commodity at all. Paper money was so abundant that any gentleman fortunate enough to have a thousand dollars or so in gold to throw away on a whimsical luxury, might have papered the walls of a small study with Government promises to pay one dollar on demand. Numbers of persons who had nothing to do but to gamble grew rich. Numbers of persons who worked very industriously grew poor. But everybody had paper money, and quite an abundance of it, comparatively, and never gave a thought to the possibility that paper money would one day dwindle into much smaller proportions of coin.

Rents went so high that a story was current in the press to the effect that a gentleman from the country, who desired to take a house for a year, and was required to pay five thousand dollars of yearly rental, said to the owner of the property:

“You misapprehend me. I want to rent the house; I don't want to buy it.”

It cost as much to occupy part of a building for six months as it did in the olden time to build an entire house. Builders made rapid fortunes—in paper. Decorators bought carriages, and plasterers wore solitaire diamond pins in the bosoms of their shirts. Extravagance was the rule, and nobody presumed to call himself a gentleman who did not daily spend as much money as would have sufficed, in better times, to keep a small family respectably, and, indeed, luxuriously, for a month.

Pastrycooks reveled in profits. Restauranters grew so rich that they could purchase small palaces out and out, cut up the magnificent rooms into small cabinets for *nouveaux riches* to dine in, and these apartments were fitted up in a style which would have made any small Continental duke of the period envious. When a gentleman married off his daughter he was too proud to entertain his company in the comparatively small rooms of his own house, but gave a grand banquet in a public hall, with dancing after the wedding dinner.

The jewelers flourished more than any other description of tradesman. No sooner was a gentleman in the retail grocery line promoted from the counter to the position of a brigadier-general than his wife insisted on having diamond earrings and a diamond brooch. Nor was there any bargaining with the proprietor of the magnificent palaces which were used as jewelry shops; the price of that set was ten thousand dollars, and the lady might take it or leave it, as she thought best. *Madame la Générale*, as a rule, thought best to take it. There was a rush for jewelry, and the jewelers met it manfully.

Times have greatly changed since the period of which we have spoken. But it was in that period the events which are here narrated in the following pages took place.

CHAPTER II.—OPERATIONS IN REAL ESTATE.

I NEVER had any luck in that house of mine. Persons who are superstitious believe in the saying that, “You never have luck in a cheap house.” Circumstances have made me superstitious to this extent. I bought my house, as my real estate broker assured me, and as I have every reason to believe, on extremely cheap terms.

It happened, oddly enough, just at the time when I had become most disgusted with my boarding-house. The meals were very bad there. Croton bugs were accustomed to take their evening walks about the tablecloth while we were



RAPHAEL J. DE CORDOVA, THE POPULAR AUTHOR AND LECTURER.—SEE PAGE 71.

at dinner. The matutinal coffee was execrable. There was a scarcity of towels, and they were invariably served up damp. The servants always appeared—when they could be induced to appear at all—in very dirty attire, and seemed to find amusement in sitting in the kitchen, staring at the oscillations of the bells which were being rung by boarders, vainly hoping that they might be answered; and there were other grievances without number. It is possible that, owing to my dislike of change, I might have continued to submit to these inconveniences. But when two new gentlemen boarders came—one of them stammered—who insisted on talking politics at dinner, where one was placed at my side, and the other was seated opposite to me, the infliction acted on me like the last pound which broke the fabulous camel's back, and I resolved to leave the hospitable mansion of Mrs. Grinder at thirty dollars per week for two small rooms on the fourth floor. It was bad enough to be called on daily to eat tough and ill-cooked meat; but to have to take it with the accompaniment of a lot of jargon concerning “Copperheads,” “Republicans,” “Barn-burners,” “Hard-shells,” “tariffs,” “treaties,” etc., which I did not understand, floored me. Whither to go I knew not, but to leave I was determined.

Fortunately I had “a friend at court,” in this instance, a friend in one of the leading real estate offices in that classic grove of real estate brokers, Pine Street, in the City of New York. Young Tipsty—a jaunty young fellow, who wore a “stunning” pin in his necktie, and carried about

with him a cane with an elaborately carved ivory head, and a powerful odor of recently smoked cigars—was one of the ablest of real estate clerks—take him at any hour of the day, wake him up at any hour of the night, and he could tell you exactly the location of the house which would “just suit you” and the rent which was demanded, and the rent which would probably be accepted. To his proprietor he was an invaluable assistant. To his friends he was an unmitigated bore. He called “to have a chat” with you in the evening, when you did not desire his society, and he sat and talked real estate with you till two o'clock in the morning. At least, this is what he frequently did to me.

It was on one of these occasions that he imparted to me the intelligence that a house in Forty-fifth Street was to be sold, and could be bought at an extremely low price. “You know,” said Tipsty to me, “you know how high real estate is now—never was so high in the world as it is to-day in New York. Yet I have on hand (he always spoke of houses being “on hand” as though he were talking of soap) a number of houses in Forty-fifth

and Forty-sixth streets which can be had for almost nothing—I strongly recommend you to buy one.”

The proposal alarmed me. I felt very much like what I presume the gentleman must have felt who had never held a violin in his hand, when he was suddenly asked to play on one in a scientific quartet.

“I buy a house!” said I. “Nonsense! the house might be extremely cheap, but it would never be economy on my part to purchase it. What should I do with a house?”

“Live in it,” answered Tipsty, laconically.

“What! all alone?” I exclaimed.

“Certainly not,” said he. “There is no occasion whatever to do anything of the sort. Do as other bachelors do. Find an old and respectable widow, with a child or two, who wishes, with the object of obtaining food and a shelter for herself and them, to keep a boarding-house, but who, being poor and without wealthy friends, cannot find anybody willing to let her a furnished house without security. She will take your house for that purpose, leaving you in possession of the most desirable floor; she will provide you with meals, and she will toil like a galley slave, morning, noon and night, for the means of paying you more rent for part of the house than any one else would give you for the entire establishment. By thus taking advantage of her necessities you afford a living to a poor family, you live rent and board free, you realize a handsome profit on your investment, and you are a philanthropist.”

The plan pleased me. It would be delightful to make money, give away none, and yet be regarded as a charitable man who afforded shelter and food to a needy family. I was charmed with the idea, and would have worked it out on the spot, but for one little difficulty which puzzled me.

“Tipsty,” said I, “your programme is admirable; but—where am I to find the widow?”

“Oh!” exclaimed Tipsty, “that is the easiest part of it. I can find you a hundred before eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. I know millions of such women (Tipsty was rather extravagant in his assertions); times are very hard now, and there are whole squadrons of poor and respectable women unable to find a shelter in their old age, and willing to work themselves almost to death for the privilege of living anywhere.”

“Very well, then, Tipsty,” said I; “if the house can be purchased very cheaply, and you will find the widow, here is the philanthropist.”

“Very good,” said the broker's clerk; “which house will you have?”

“Why, the one you spoke of,” I answered; “the extremely cheap one.”

“I did not speak of any particular house,” replied Tipsty. “We have several of them, all together in Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Streets, back to back, like troops in a hollow square.” (The Civil War was raging at the time, and Tipsty was something in Company X, of a fashionable Militia Regiment.)

“Well, of course, I want the cheap one.”

“They are all cheap!” exclaimed Tipsty, with professional enthusiasm. “Real estate is, as you must know, most extravagantly dear just now. Yet these houses are placed in our hands with orders to sell them for the best that the market will afford. They are really worth, at this time, fifty thousand dollars each; but, as they are ordered to be sold at once, it would not surprise me if they brought twenty and perhaps twenty-five per cent. under their actual value.”

“Indeed,” said I. “Well, there must be some reason for this. Why should the owners be so anxious to part with their property on unusually low terms. Tipsty, there must be a reason. What is it?”

“I suppose there is a reason,” answered Tipsty; “but upon my word I don't know what it is.”

“Owners on the verge of bankruptcy?” I said.



“THE SITUATION WAS EXTREMELY DISHEARTENING.”



“GENTLEMEN, YOU WILL HAVE TO EXCUSE MR. CHODDER THIS EVENING.”

"Not at all," replied Tipsty. "The owners are all wealthy."
 "Sewerage bad, perhaps," said I. "Imperfect drainage. Bad smells coming up through the wash-basins, eh?"
 "My dear fellow," Tipsty hastened to remark, "the drainage and sewerage in those streets are perfect."
 "Rats, maybe," said I.
 "Nary rat," answered Tipsty, in the elegant slang frequently affected by broker's clerks.
 "Neighborhood possibly not respectable."
 "Irreproachable neighborhood," replied Tipsty.
 "The houses are now occupied by the owners."
 "I will go up and look at them to-morrow," I said.
 "I suppose, Tipsty, I may choose the best for myself."
 "You may, undoubtedly."
 "Well, don't forget about the widow!" I called after him, as he was leaving.

CHAPTER III.—MY WIDOW.

I VISITED the locality on the following morning, provided with "orders to view" furnished me by a messenger from Tipsty before I was out of bed. The houses appeared to me to be excellent, well built, freshly painted, clean and in good order.
 "I must inform my friends of this rare chance," thought I; "but first I must select the best of the numbers for myself."
 I accordingly chose the one which appeared to have been most recently painted and papered, and which presented the additional advantage of being first (or last) on the row of the offered buildings, and adjoining the residence of an owner who did not desire to sell. There would, I anticipated, be less likelihood, after I had taken possession, of being annoyed after I had gone to bed by the noise of hammering next door in the putting up of shelves and putting down of carpets by a new occupant. I then communicated this fortunate chance of favorably investing to certain of my friends whom the opportunity lured into a desire of purchasing also. They came, inspected the houses, and were pleased. But we again put to the occupants of the houses the questions which I had put to Tipsty.

"How is the drainage here?"
 "Excellent."
 "Any bad smells in the house?"
 "No bad smells of any kind."
 "Any rats?"
 "No rats."
 "Neighborhood respectable?"
 "Perfectly."
 We were clearly in luck. We bought; and were delighted with our purchases in February for possession on the 1st of May, on which day the furniture, carpets, bedding, china, crockery, etc., etc., which I had bought for my house, were to be sent up.

Here, however, occurred a difficulty which I had not foreseen. In the interval between my purchase in February and my taking possession on the first of May, some wild whim had taken possession of the authorities, or some alderman had a brother-in-law, or cousin, or nephew, in the painting and gilding line, for whom he desired to find employment, or some other and equally patriotic motive influenced the movement; but, whatever the cause may have been, the street had been newly numbered. Number 14 suddenly became Number 96, and Number 130 was, with equal abruptness, converted into Number 212. The consequence of which numerical manœuvre was that—with the confusion common to the first of May, when all good New Yorkers superstitiously believe that they must move out of one house into another—when my traps were taken up to Number 96 in Forty-fifth Street, my people came in direct collision with the people of somebody else who contended that I had no business there. My people, on the other hand, insisted that they had been ordered to leave the furniture at Number 96, and that they would leave it there and would not convey it to any other building in America. Whence resulted words which led to acts, which again threatened to terminate in blows. No sooner had somebody else's people placed a table, than one of my people jerked it away and placed one of mine in its stead; and *vice versa*. Wherefrom proceeded much profanity and the smashing of sundries; and then I was sent for and I came. I certainly had bought Number 96; but quite as certainly I had not bought the dirty, dingy building which now bore that number and which I now beheld for the first time. I was sorely puzzled about this strange initiatory phase of my real estate proprietorship, and was about to start immediately for Pine Street with the object of branding Tipsty with dishonesty, when a policeman, who ought to have come on the scene at the opening of hostilities, came in and informed me that the numbers had been changed. My effects had, of course, to be laden once more on the great cart which had brought them, and which now conveyed them to Number 14, where I had my revenge in the ejection of another party who had half filled my house with his furniture.

The result of this trouble and confusion was that it was eight o'clock at night before I had my bedstead set up in its place, and my bedroom put into some

appearance of order. I have reason to believe that my poor widow (if a man in the flesh may be permitted to speak of his own widow) and her two grandchildren slept on several folds of carpet which had, in the general confusion, been thrown,

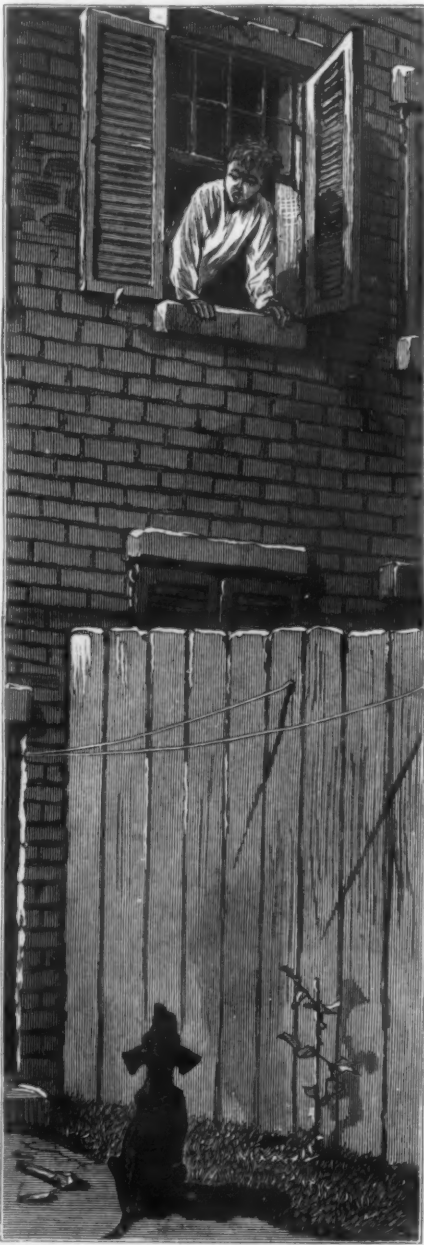
happily, over the kitchen utensils and fire-irons lying promiscuously about the floor of the parlor. The situation, generally, was extremely disheartening; and, as I sat on a trunk in the centre of my bedroom and contemplated the bare boards which were to be carpeted the next day, I thought—as probably many wiser men had thought before I did—"How foolish I have been to burden myself with a house, for which I really have no more use than a laying hen has for a false hair chignon." On the other hand, I consoled myself with the reflection that, after all, it might be for the best. The house was a good and valuable one, and, above all, a cheap one; and it would be very nice to have a home that would be permanent and not subject to the operations of future firsts of May. But then I had gone and saddled myself, so to speak, with a widow. What on earth was I going to do with her? A woman of fifty-five years of age is, to my taste, a pleasant and desirable companion when she is intelligent and fairly educated. But this poor creature appeared to have had no education whatever, for she murdered the language atrociously; answering me with such uncouth phrases as "I don't know as it is, sir," when she meant to say that she did not know that it was; "I ain't seen nothing of it, sir," to express that she had not seen anything of it; "As you was a saying, sir," using *was* for *were*; "my husband were a ship carpenter, sir," which tempted me to say, maliciously, "Were he?" and, "Have you an old noozepaper, sir?" when she desired to have a newspaper. I could not, you perceive, make a companion of such a creature as that.

But suddenly a far more horrible idea took possession of my mind. "Heavens!" thought I, "supposing she were suddenly to die on my hands!" (I said "on my hands" as a figurative or colloquial form of expression, of course). "Suppose my widow were suddenly to die in my house! Would I be expected" (philanthropically again) "to take care of the grandchildren, and bring them up and educate them? In other words, would they, under such disastrous circumstances, suddenly become my grandchildren?" Then again I dismissed these thoughts as unworthy, worldly and ungenerous; the more so as the reflection occurred to me that young persons die quite as frequently as old ones, and that it might possibly be my turn to retire first to "that what's-its-name from which no

thingumbob returns," as Shakespeare so beautifully puts it.

Then I thought that it would be best, for charity and philanthropy's sake, to put up with the nuisance of the widow, who was to pay me for part of my

house more than any responsible person with any claim to sanity would have undertaken to give me for the whole of it. I earnestly hoped, however, that I might be able to induce her to abandon an evidently deeply seated habit of which I had already seen evidences that day, of constantly making suggestions. "Allow me to suggest, sir, that the collar of your coat ain't been brushed." "Allow me to suggest, sir, that the bottom button of your waistcoat ain't buttoned, sir." "Allow me to suggest, sir, that your hat is a little o' one side, sir." "Allow me to suggest, sir, that your tailor was directed here from your office down-town, and has called for his little bill, sir." I hate voluntary suggestions. And what did I want with hers? And especially about the tailor and his bill. Hang the tailor! And, thus musing, the happiest thought of all struck me: that I had not yet dined, and that I would go and do so.



THAT DOG NEXT DOOR.

CHAPTER IV.—THE OTHER VICTIMS.

IT being impossible to have dinner in my own house, I set out to walk to Delmonico's; and as it struck me that my friends whom I had induced to purchase the other cheap houses, and who had also moved into them that day, would likewise have to go out for their evening meal, I resolved to call for them.

Mr. Chodder—a gentleman well, and I trust, favorably known to all that portion of mankind sufficiently civilized to take pills—in short Jabez Chodder, the inspired inventor of a pill which could cure (if taken long enough and according to the directions) every malady under the sun, from corns to malignant fevers (I have heard that Chodder declared his pills good for even wooden legs)—the great and world-renowned Chodder—whose house was at No. 19 Forty-sixth Street.

Major Cutch, an elderly, gentlemanlike, but extremely tedious person, who had formerly earned his military grade in the militia of his native State, owned the house on the left of mine, at No. 16 Forty-fifth Street. Frequently listening to the major's statements of the mistakes which were daily made by the generals commanding both armies (we were then in the height of the Civil War), and of the manner in which those commanders ought to have acted, strongly influenced me to believe that the greatest living military authority was the bald-headed old gentleman who had come to live next door to me.

Mr. Sterring had bought No. 18. He was a

coal merchant, and had failed in that business three several times, showing highly respectable because monstrously large liabilities and very small assets; which repeated calamities, as I have since been given to understand, had enabled him to purchase his house and to furnish it handsomely. His peculiarity was that he was always wanting fresh capital, and he had a habit of continually hinting to his friends that if he could obtain a few thousand dollars to work on, he could make himself the Rothschild of the American coal trade. I was not aware that the American coal trade was languishing for a Rothschild; but I am persuaded that if ever that branch of American industry should suffer from the need of such a personage, Sterring, if still alive, would know where to find one—if anybody would advance the capital.

The Rev. Dr. Toaster had taken the house No. 17 Forty-sixth Street, directly at the back of the major's, and if anybody in the neighborhood or elsewhere desired to find a truly pious man, his address was 17 Forty-sixth Street. That man scarcely ever uttered a sentence without quoting Scripture. He had the Bible at his fingers' ends, and knew by heart every one of the hard names in it; and, on the slightest provocation, he would pour forth whole chapters on a luckless visitor who was making a call on Mrs. Toaster. She was a kindly, amiable, gentle soul, but, from the beginning of their married life, the reverend doctor had adduced thousands of extracts from the Scriptures to prove to her that the woman was bound, in duty, to be submissive to the man in everything. On this platform of principle he managed the house and the household. He kept house, from the overlooking of the washing of the sidewalk and the sending the girl to market down to the locking-up of the house and the turning off of the gas at night. Mrs. Toaster was Zero—I know not how many figures I would have to set down to represent the doctor.

Mr. O'Dundrum, the tobacco broker, had No. 15 in Forty-sixth Street, directly behind mine. He was a cordial, good-hearted, genial, boisterous man, who "handled," as he termed it, large quantities of the poisonous leaf yearly. He was a favorite with all of us, partly from his Irish brogue, which seemed somehow to give a certain spice to our conversation, but chiefly for the excellent qualities previously referred to. His peculiarity was that circumstances compelled him annually to call on his friends for the purpose of announcing another and sometimes (simultaneously) two additions to his family.

Monsieur Pimpin, a bright-eyed and rather paunchy little gentleman, from the south of France, occupied No. 20 in Forty-fifth Street, the fourth door from my house. He was a gay, lively, inoffensive little fellow, with a weak belief that he was quite a musician. His business was chiefly in sardines, boxes of which he presented to such acquaintances as he liked on New Year's Day. The major called him "Mosscoo Pengpeng."

And finally, there was Mr. Plithers, of the Internal Revenue Department. I had not previously known him; but he had learned from the Rev. Dr. Toaster, who was his intimate friend, of the fine opportunity for investing cheaply, and he had purchased No. 21 Forty-sixth Street.

CHAPTER V.—OUR EARLY TROUBLES.

MAJOR CUTCH was the only one of my neighbors whom I could induce to go to dinner with me that evening. He was a bachelor, and, perfectly satisfied with his iron bedstead which was easily set up, and one chair, the confusion consequent on the removing of his furniture and effects had not at all troubled him. The two nephews and one niece who lived with him had, no doubt, a hard time of it that first night; but the major, having all that he required to make shift with till things could be put in order, did not allow his mind to be bothered about the discomfort of anybody else.

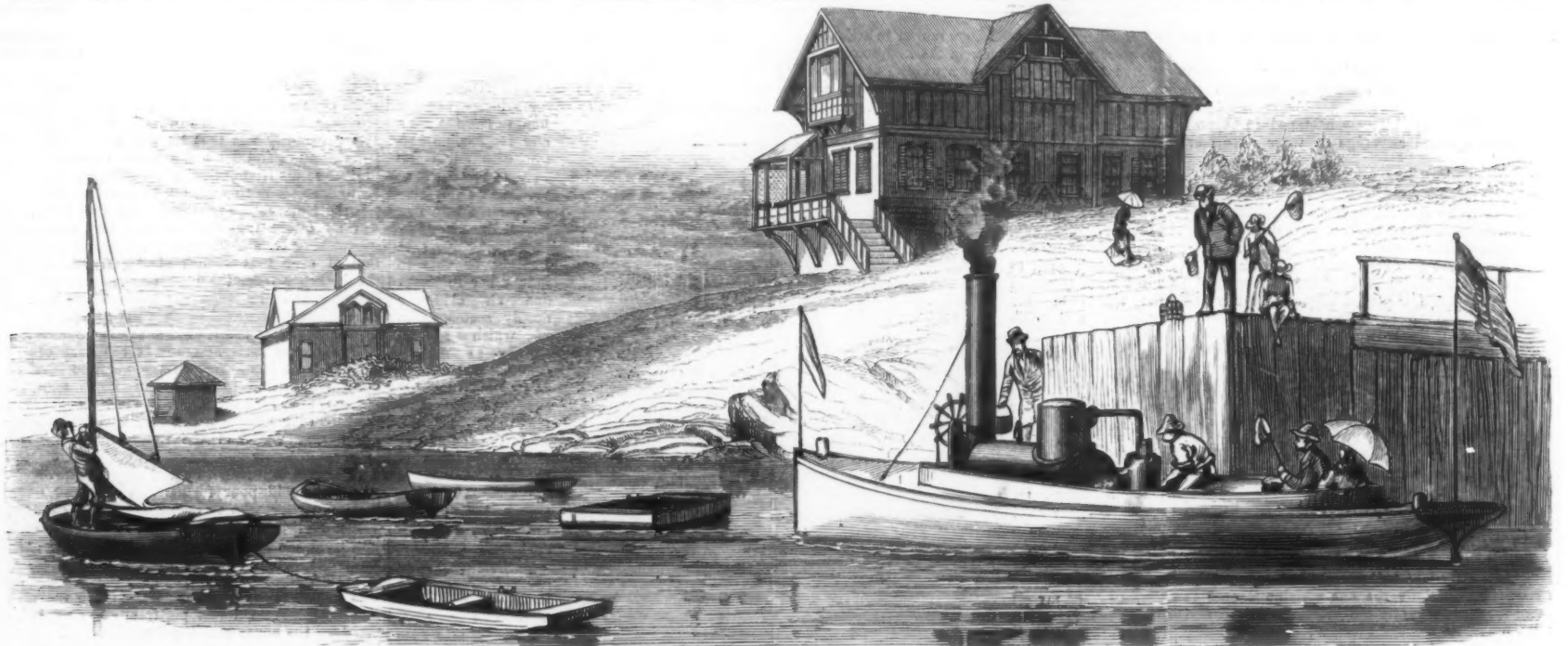
My other friends, however, were in the deepest trouble, and preferred to take their meals of bread and butter in the intervals of the work of setting their houses in such order as could be got, that night, out of the chaos of the removals. Every one had his or her "moving" tale of distress to tell regarding the inextricable confusion. The most cruel chapter in these melancholy histories was that the coal—promised to be at the new houses that afternoon—had not been brought. Fire had occasionally been made and made again with bits of wood, gathered here and there, to warm a little milk for the supper of the children.

The Rev. Mr. Toaster had three, and Mr. O'Dundrum had seven of these little responsibilities. The latter gentleman informed us that he "had to go out meself, sir, with a great big pitcher and bring in half a dozen of oysters, and my wife's shawl full of leaves of bread for me family."

Our reverend friend remarked that he would have been glad to go with us to dinner, but that it was really impossible for him to leave the house. There was everything yet to be done, and he had nobody to help him. When we were coming into the house we heard him say to Mrs. Toaster: "Eliza, will you let those things alone? You call it putting to rights, but you do not understand anything about it, and you are only making more work for me. Go to your evening meal in peace, dear friends," he said.



"WE GOT ALL OUR CATS BASKETED BY HALF-PAST TEN O'CLOCK."

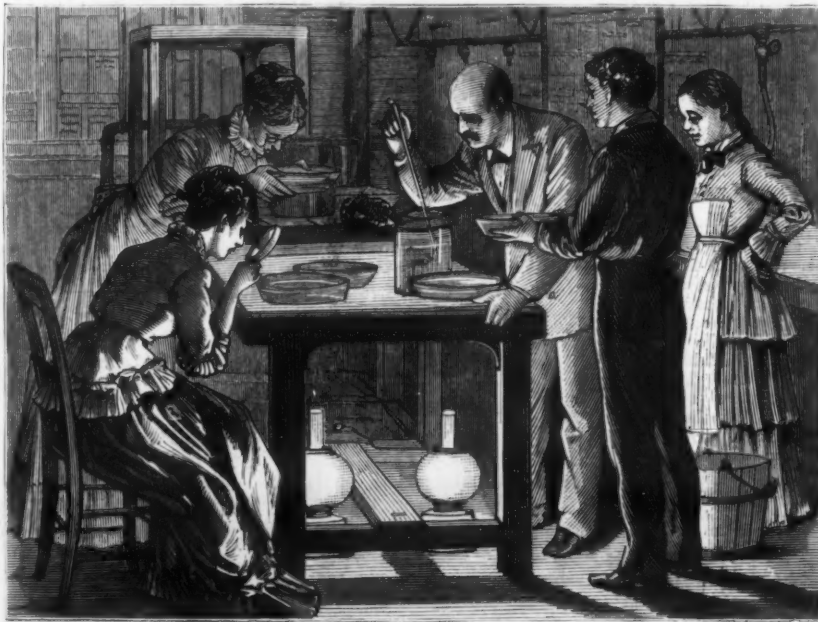


PROFESSOR AGASSIZ'S PRIVATE LABORATORY AT CASTLE HILL.—THE DEPARTURE FOR AN EVENING'S CRUISE.

"I have so much to do that I really do not know where to begin. But man is born to trouble, and this is a chastening indeed. Still it is not for me to repine. Go, my friends, and dine, and may you enjoy your dinner."

The Flithers family were in greater distress than any of us. Two cart-loads of furniture, which Mr. Flithers declared, with unnecessary repetition, he had "with his own eyes seen" (as if he could have seen them with any other person's eyes) leave the old house at eleven o'clock that morning, had not yet "turned up." He had had suspicions, at the time, that the two carmen were intoxicated. All his bedding was in those carts, besides his kitchen utensils and his books. He could not go with us, as he was expecting the carts to "turn up" at any moment. It struck me that if the carmen were intoxicated, the probabilities were that the carts had literally turned up in some other street, and that the furniture was smashed, the bedding tumbled into the mud, and the books made away with by the little boys.

Chodder, who was in his shirt-sleeves when we called to request him to go to dinner with us, was charmed with the proposal. He said that the house was most uncomfortable in its present confusion, and that he had been hard at work assisting the servants to set up the children's bedsteads; that he had sent up, with the furniture, a basket containing sandwiches, milk, sugar, tea, and so forth, and the family had, at least, had sufficient to eat; but that, after the work which he had been doing that evening, he felt that he needed a little supper, and he would go with us immediately. It required some time to find his coat, and when it



A PARTY OF SCIENTISTS EXAMINING THE RESULTS OF AN EVENING'S CRUISE.

was found it was covered with dust and shavings so that more time was lost in beating that garment, it being impossible to find a clothes-brush. No sooner, however, had he made himself ready for departure with us, when a superior authority suddenly appeared on the scene, in the person of Mrs. Chodder, who demanded to know what he meant by putting on his hat. "You surely are not going out, are you, John Edward?"

To which Chodder answered, in a tone far meeker than I would have given him credit for under the circumstances, "My dear, I am going out for a little supper. I have done a great deal of work here this evening, and I feel a little—"

"John Edward," said Mrs. Chodder, somewhat imperiously, "there is a great deal more to be done before we can get this house into anything like order, and—Gentlemen, I am afraid you will have to excuse Mr. Chodder this evening."

"But, Charlotte, my dear, I really cannot do anything more to-night, and I really feel quite hungry."

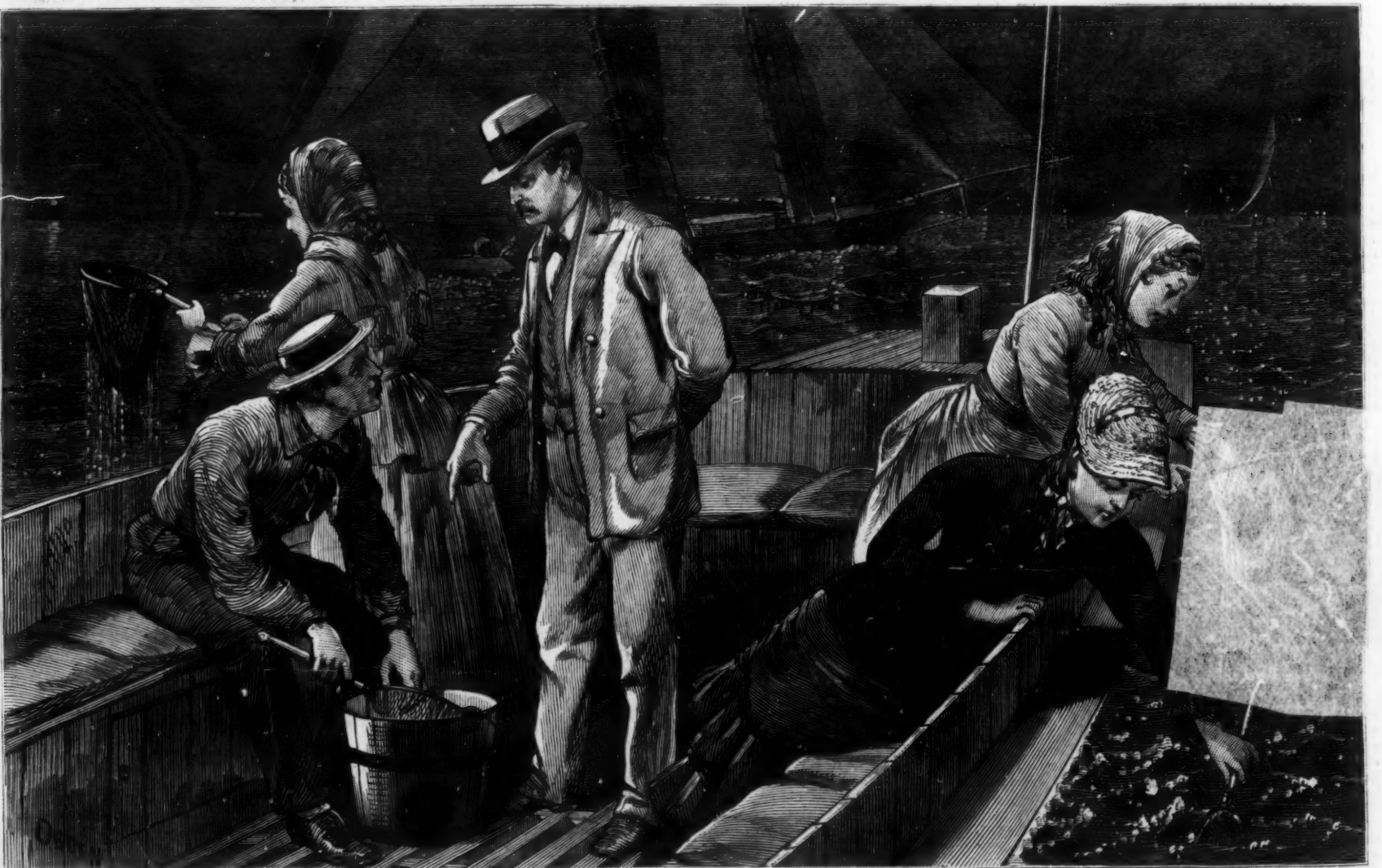
"There are some sandwiches left," replied the lady, with some acrimony.

"They are stale, my dear," remonstrated the husband.

"Mr. Chodder," said the wife, "you won't leave me and the children this night, and that's all about it."

At this point we thought our most polite course was to leave, and we did so. We were going out at the front-door when we heard Chodder again reminding his better-half that he had done a great deal of work that evening, and was hungry.

(To be continued.)



PROFESSOR AGASSIZ AND FRIENDS GATHERING NATURAL HISTORY SPECIMENS AT NIGHT.

RHODE ISLAND.—THE SUMMER RETREAT OF PROFESSOR ALEXANDER AGASSIZ, AT CASTLE HILL, NEAR NEWPORT.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 74.